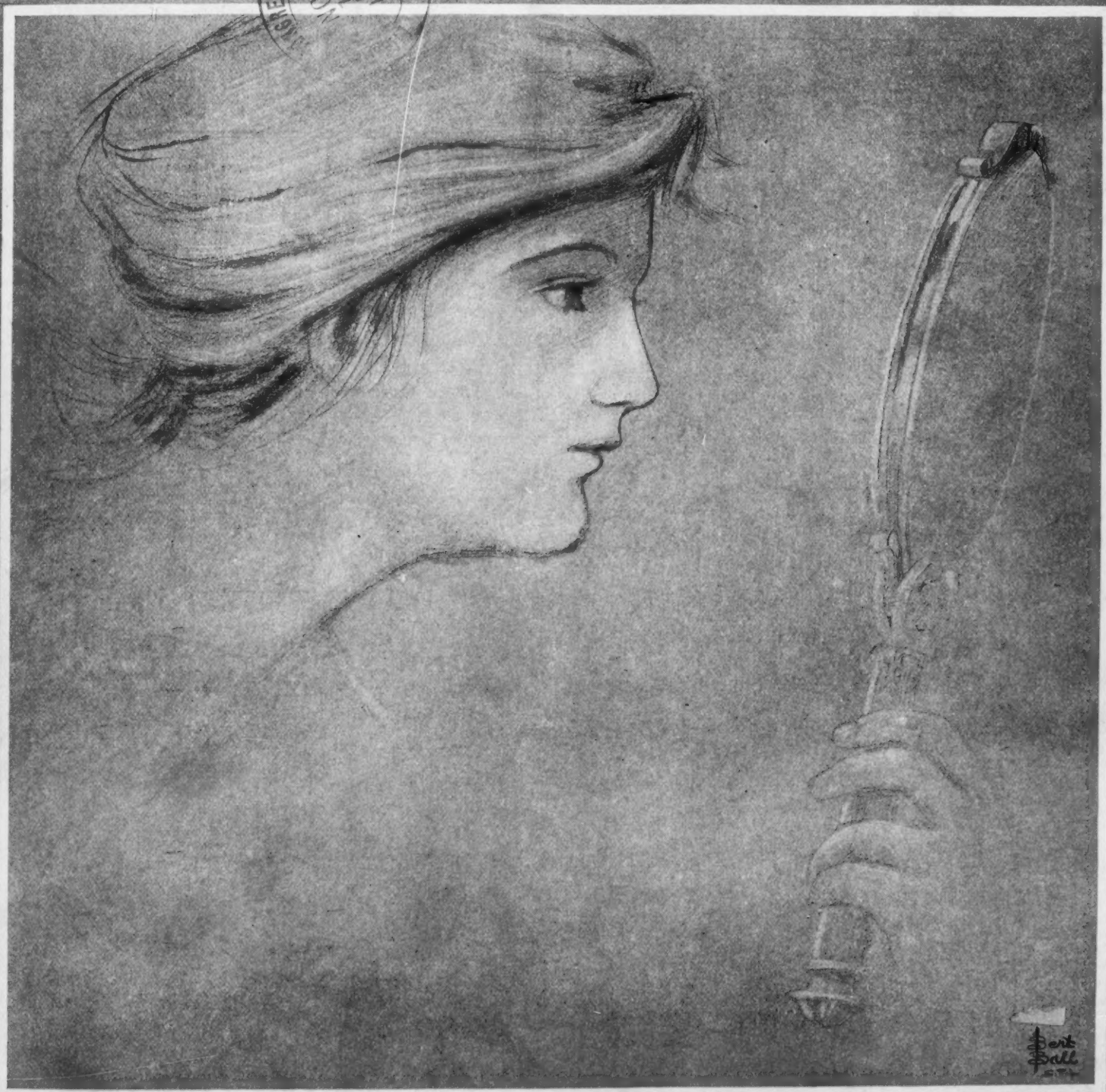


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Did McLeod Fix Vandiver, or What?

By Moses Greengoods

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF INSURANCE, VANDIVER has revoked the permit of the New York Life Insurance Company to do business in this State. He threatened to do this more than a month ago and executed his threat last week, on receipt of the returns showing that Jerome had been elected in New York.

A day or two prior to issuance of the order revoking the New York Life permit, he gave the Columbian National Life Insurance Company of Boston, a clean bill of health. Both actions created some surprise.

Complaint had been filed against the Columbian National last September, by Mr. W. H. Reed, of the Insurance Leader of St. Louis, the charge being that its business was interwoven with the affairs of the American Investment Securities Company, a Maine corporation, and the American Agency Company, a New Jersey corporation. Mr. Vandiver, at that time, sent an official communication to the Columbian National notifying it that unless it severed its connections with the Investment and the Agency Companies, he would revoke its charter to do business in Missouri. He also gave out an interview to the press to this effect, in which two other life insurance companies were named.

It is stated that at the time Mr Vandiver took this action, he did not know that there was a St. Louis end to the Insurance and the Investment Company. He learned better, however, within twenty-four hours after his interview appeared in print. One of the big St. Louis financiers connected therewith paid a hurried visit to Jefferson City. As it happened, he was one of the heavy contributors to Governor Folk's campaign fund. Following this, it seems Nelson W. McLeod was dragged in by the ears and urged to use his good offices to stay the hand of Mr. Vandiver. There were meetings and conferences. Finally, the official axe fell and the head of the New York Life rolled in the sawdust. This sight of insurance blood pacified the ferocious Vandiver, and he told the trembling Columbian National to walk forth without fear. Not only this, but he gave it a good official "ad," and said that whatever connection it may have had, or may still have, with the American Investment Securities Company, is not of a reprehensible nature.

He did not mention the fact that neither the investment nor the Agency Company is licensed to do business in this State—in fact, he did not mention the Agency Company at all, although there is evidence on file in his office that the latter has a thirty years' contract for handling the business of the Insurance Company; that eighteen of the directors of the Insurance and the Investment Company are the same men, and that the latter owns nearly all of the stock of the Insurance Company. The life insurance business in Missouri amounts annually to about \$8,000,000. The New York Life, which is now denied the right to do business in this State, has about 29,000 Missouri policy-holders. If some of the other big life insurance companies are driven out of the State, the business of the Columbian National ought to boom.

Enough has here been said to warrant further reference to that Protean concern, the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, the American Invest-

ment Securities Company and the American Agency Company, and the St. Louis financiers who are connected therewith. To begin with, the St. Louis Board of Directors of the American Investment Securities Company, a part of the trinity, are Murray Carleton, Chas. H. Huttig, Rolla Wells, John D. Davis and Breckinridge Jones. "They are all honorable men."

Neither this Company nor the American Agency Company has a license to do business in Missouri. Information has already been filed against both these companies with Attorney General Hadley, and it is expected that within a short time he will ask the Supreme Court for a writ of ouster against both. It was because of the connection of the Columbian Life with these Companies that Mr. Vandiver threatened to oust that Company from the State.

The Columbian National Life Insurance Company was incorporated in Massachusetts in 1902, with a capital stock of \$200,000.

The American Investment Securities Company was organized under the laws of Maine in 1900, with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000. The amount said to have been paid in is \$600,000, though there is no absolute certainty as to this.

The American Agency Company was incorporated in New Jersey in 1901, with a capital stock of \$10,000.

It seems that the Life Insurance Company and the Investment Company located for business at the same street number in Boston—176 Federal street.

Eighteen of the directors of one Company became directors of the other Company. One of these is Mr. John D. Davis, of St. Louis.

On the authority of the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, it is asserted, the Investment Company owns a majority of the stock in the Life Insurance Company. The relationship between the Investment Company and the American Agency Company is in evidence through a contract made between the latter and the Insurance Company, in 1902, under the terms of which the Agency Company was given control, for a period of 30 years, of the business of the Life Insurance Company. The stock of the Agency Co., is only \$10,000. This ten thousand dollars controls two million dollars, as a holding company, and comes under the head of companies declared illegal in the Northern Securities merger decision.

Life insurance companies, under such contracts, (a copy of which is on file with Mr. Vandiver), are not permitted to do business in Missouri.

It was not, however, until October, of last year, that an agent came to St. Louis and established what is known as the "Southwestern Department." Some months later a meeting of some seventy-five "leading business men" was held at the St. Louis Club, to give the business of the Investment Company and Life Insurance a boom. The preferred stock of the Investment Company at that time was selling at \$13.50 per share of \$10, which has since been increased to \$16.50. It is said there are now about sixty-eight Missouri stockholders. Of the \$200,000 capital of the Insurance Company, the Investment Company is said to own \$176,000. The stock of the Investment Company has been increased to \$25,000,000. The President of the Agency Company is a Director of

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the Insurance Company. The latter, while purporting to control the insurance business, so far as known, has not increased its capital stock of \$10,000.

Last July, when the American Investment Securities Company increased its capital stock to \$5,000,000 of common stock and \$20,000,000 of preferred, it stated that it would repurchase the preferred stock. This paragraph appears in the literature of the Company, touching the value of its stock:

"We believe that we can without risk of disappointment to our stockholders, assure them that the dividend on common stock will be increased to 7 per cent. in 1906, to 8 per cent. in 1907, and an increase of 1 per cent. per annum thereafter, to be continued indefinitely."

The Agency Company, it appears, comes in with the guarantee. It is claimed that the St. Louisans let in on the ground floor, have a guarantee of 30 per cent. on their investment. As the Agency Company has but \$10,000 capital stock, its guarantee of dividends on \$25,000,000 might be questioned. The insurance company, however, can do business in Missouri, although it looks like a very thin slice of meat in the sandwich. But it is necessary to preserve it, if the sale of stock is to boom. Agents, it is claimed, have been receiving as high as 15 per cent. commission for selling stock, and they handle the insurance business at the same time. The stock is sold only where the purchaser also takes out a life-policy.

The prime object of this somewhat complicated deal under which three corporations are practically one, is apparently, at least, to work off stock and en-

rich those on the inside. Does any sane person suppose for a minute that if the stock of a Boston corporation paid only a small part of the dividends promised by the investment company, it would be necessary to pay agents in Missouri 15 per cent. commission to dispose of the same? It is ridiculous. Even the bond investment companies of this city, recently exposed in the MIRROR, and now generally recognized for the sure thing games they are, never held out such alluring promises as the American Investment Securities Company. Its dope is worthy of E. G. Lewis and his People's United States Bank.

The American Investment Securities Company expects to receive dividends on the stock of the Columbian National; the American Agency Company expects to make money on its contract with the Columbian National; the stockholders of the American Investment Company expect dividends on their stock and, lastly, the policy holders of the Columbian National expect dividends on their policies. All these dividends, if they are paid at all, come from but one source, namely, the premiums paid by policy holders of the Columbian National. In a word, the policy holders furnish the sinews and take their chances on getting dividends. Will they get them?

The trouble of the Bankers' Life, of New York, in connection with the Knickerbocker Investment Company, which is fresh in the minds of insurance men, shows how dangerous it is for an outside corporation to control a life insurance company. It is understood that one of the officers of the Columbian National was connected with that deal, and has boast-

ed of the immense profit made by what he termed the "underwriting" of the Bankers' Life, of New York. In fact, it is stated that the profits in that case are used as an argument in favor of the immense dividends the stock of the American Investment Securities Co. will earn.

The history of the United States Mutual Accident Insurance Company is familiar to all. It was wrecked and its life blood sucked by the Investment Company of New Jersey, which was "the wheel within the wheel."

Can a life insurance company do justice to its policy holders and at the same time earn dividends for the stockholders of the life insurance company and for the stockholders of two auxiliary corporations, when all the profits both to the policy holders and the stockholders of the three corporations, come from the premiums paid by the policy holders?

It is too bad that prominent and reputable St. Louisans have been "worked in" on this scheme, but there they are.

Has Mr. Vandiver dropped this matter at the earnest pleading of Mr. Nelson W. McLeod, Folk's campaign manager, famous for his denunciation of boodlers, in the interest of heavy contributors to the campaign fund for Mr. Folk?

We shudder to think of the insidious approach of the Demon of Graft to the immediate vicinage of our righteous Governor, and that the Demon should leave foot-prints seemingly fitting exactly into those of Mr. Nelson W. McLeod.

♦♦♦

Hustling the Hoboes

By W. M. R.

THE police are going to suppress the highwaymen, the burglars, the purse-snatchers, the second-story men, the pick-pockets and the predaceous elements generally—by running the hoboes out of town. That's the way. The hobo is generally a shiftless bloke and soak, too lazy to steal, content to cadge for his grub and drinks. He is where he is because he is not adjusted to the conditions of the struggle for existence, and he is a victim of society more than a menace to it. The men who are looting the city don't belong to the hobo class. The hobo, or tramp, isn't a criminal. He is one of the world's unfortunates, and he piles into the city in winter to huddle with his fellows against the cold. His sin is his "bustedness." His crime is that he isn't able to get out and do strong arm work or subsist by his wits. Highwaymen, burglars, purse-snatchers are seldom tramps, as the police should know from the few specimens of that gentry they occasionally capture. Yet it is a fine play to the boxes to get after the tramps. The galleries always jeer that play. The poor devils who gather in "dumps" in the heart of the town are made to move on solely because they're easy to get at, and it makes a bluff show of "something doing." The thieves aren't found in the tramp lodging houses. They are better housed and better fed. This idea that a man is a criminal because he is a poor tramp is a rank absurdity. Poverty isn't crime. Tramps and hoboes are not criminals. While tramps and hoboes are being shown the bridge the criminals are coddling their "doxies" and "donahs" in comfortable quarters, "rushing the can" and spending their money often under the policeman's nose. Driving out the derelicts doesn't put a stop to cold weather crime. It is only a police trick to fool the complainant public into the belief that the police know their business. The crooks who are tearing off the money in chunks are not to be found in the five and ten-cent lodging houses. The scheme of this regular winter police play is to make the poor, sodden, helpless tramps go padding, and then to suppress the reports of robberies and thefts, and claim that the banishment

of the hoboes has caused a falling off in crime. Don't tell me otherwise, for I've known something of tramps and thieves and policemen and the methods of all of them in twenty-five years of knocking around night and day. This annual raid upon the hoboes by the "harness bulls" and the "fly cops" has always made me tired, especially when I've known that the boys for whom "the stuff was coming off" were never particularly under cover, and were often on particularly good terms with policemen who couldn't help knowing that their cordial friends were busier after dark than in daylight. The order to tramps to leave may fool the people who think a man can't be a tramp without being criminal. It may be gratifying to pampered success to reflect that it is the unsuccessful who endangers society, and must therefore, be suppressed. The policeman who takes a drink with a jovial "con man" or chats on the corner with a "creeper" who proffers him a cigar, mollifies his conscience by clubbing the poor devil picking "snipes" out of the gutter. All along the line the saying goes, "You're no good, if you ain't got nothin'." That's the tramp's or the hobo's offense. So tap him on the "conk" with the "locust" and "chase" him along. But "Jimmie the Mouse," or "Step-ladder Mike" or "Turkey Blevins"—he has a pull with the saloon-man on the corner; he can pass you a V or he "lams" along and says nothing; he has a "lay up" whereat others can be found to fix him an alibi; he may "break" a "pig" who "pulls" him—let him go by and pass the time o' day politely to him too, for didn't he turn his coat inside out nine times to vote that many slips at the primary in the Twenty-eighth Ward when the "gelding" was running for Governor? Oh, yes, the tramps are made to mosey when the cold wave comes. But the thieves! They stay. They make merry over the shivering hoboes shuffling to the bridge and cry "rock up" to make them step a little faster, for the words suggest the shot-gun bearing guard at the Workhouse quarry who doesn't find the macadam getting into the wagons fast enough.

Handing Us "A Package"

By W. M. R.

HAVING made a *partial* surrender to public demands as to the Arbitrary, the Terminal Association has made a tactical mistake. It has let the camel's nose in the tent. It must go the whole way and wipe out the Arbitrary altogether. Its concession gives the public a club to enforce the limit of its demands. Its concession in a few instances is a confession of the whole case against the Association. How abject and absurd the concessions make the Terminal's apologists in the Business Men's league. What an obscene sight it is to see the *Republic* trying to straddle, now that it has to follow Francis into the free bridge camp, after fighting the free bridge idea in its blunderous fashion! The *Post-Dispatch* has fought this fight against the bridge toll in splendid style. The *Globe-Democrat*, too, has done some effective shelling of Camp-Terminal. The *Star-Chronicle* has been forceful. The *Republic* has been frantic, fanatic and foolish and now the Terminal deserts its organ and leaves the poor old sheet floundering. The MIRROR stated six weeks ago that the Terminal would give in. Later in a study of President McChesney the concessions of last week were foreshadowed in the MIRROR. The whole toll must come off, now that there's a little taken off the top. If the Terminal doesn't take off all the tax now, it must, later. There's still a way to force the Terminal on this point. Free municipal ferries will turn the trick. Municipal ferries will give the bridges and the other ferries—one of which is owned by David R. Francis—enough of a fight to force the abolition of the last vestige of the arbitrary. Half a loaf may

be better than no bread, but *the whole loaf belongs to us—the people*. The city will not be content with less than its own, now that the Terminal Company has conceded the whole case against itself. This thing can't stop at half-way measures. The Terminal Company having begun to yield, must, like its prototype, the Czar, yield all. The Government's prosecution of the bridge merger is still pending. Concessions will not abate that prosecution. Then there's the municipal ferry scheme—if David R. Francis—the dear friend of the people and foe of the arbitrary—hasn't blocked it at Venice. When David R. Francis came out at the eleventh-and-a-half hour for the arbitrary—*knowing from inside the Terminal Company what the company was going to do*—it might have been known that the gift from the company would be only a tub to the whale, that the concession would be in the nature of handing the public a phony package, for David R. Francis is not in with anything to give anything to anyone except himself.

The Single Tax Revolution

By W. M. R.

MESSIEURS, the Capitalists, this is not a riot, but a revolution. I refer to the Hearst election in New York, for he *was* elected by at least 50,000 votes.

It is no accident that municipal ownership candidates have won in the greatest two cities in the country and that Tom L. Johnson has been elected for the third time in Cleveland.

The cry against municipal ownership of public utilities that it will make for greater political graft, no longer appals. There never was a graft in public business under politicians like to that in the insurance business, or like that in the great shipping trust, or in Amalgamated Copper. Graft in public business is due to private capitalism working through the politicians. Political graft comes of helping private capital to exploit the public through the use by private capital of public property. Grants of privilege are gifts of public rights to private parties. The graft thereof comes through the deflection of profits belonging to the public into private pockets.

To all this the public is getting "wise." Who has made them so? The Single Taxers. That gospel is leavening all opinion upon economics. It is a gospel which asserts that the greedy few shall not use the machinery of the law to enable them to use the property of all for the benefit of the few. The Single Tax policy is the one that will strike directly at the base and foundation of exploiting the masses.

The Single Taxers elected Dunne in Chicago. They gave the Hearst campaign its *verve* and *elan* in New York. They have upheld Tom Johnson for years. They force the fighting for franchise taxation in every city and State in the Union. They are profoundly modifying all opinion upon the subject of taxation. They are shaking the privilege of privileges—that of holding land out of use in order to force the people into servitude on land that is in use. They are awakening the cities from their torpor. It is the battle against public rights sold as private privilege that makes effective the attack upon the bosses.

The bosses are pretty well dislodged. But the Single Taxers are after the bosses of the bosses. They are after the land-monopolists, the corporations, the interests of which the biggest and best paid bosses are but the miserably paid tools. They are after the aristocracy based on franchise securities in every community. This is the fight of and for true Democracy.

This is the revolution.

The Single Tax theory is the vital force in this peaceful revolution which will sweep the country.

Reflections

Wall Street Pinched

CALL money at 25 per cent in Wall street, Tuesday. Tom Lawson's blast at the frenzied finance of the banks that have been backing the gamblers has had its effect. The banks are overloaded with securities loaned on at exorbitant, fictitious values. And not only the New York banks either. Carrying the insides crimps the money supply. What will Shaw do? Nothing, says Mr. Secretary, but—well, he's a Presidential possibility, and if he helps out Wall street the farmer vote will be "agin" him, while if he doesn't the moguls will knock him. Things are in bad shape in money circles in New York, and the banks need a probe as much as the insurance companies. Still, only the speculators are pinched—thus far. Will the people at large be hurt? Will the Western banks with money in New York be shut off from those funds? We hope not. The pirates of "the street," though, have the bankers in a hole, and one not easy to get out of permanently.

WE are all "reformers" now. Watch the crooks of Missouri sneak to cover behind Folk!

WHISPER!

What has become of the war against bucket shops?

SECRETARY W. H. TAFT is not the only administration man with a fresh laurel on his brow. It was he soaked Cox of Cincinnati in the late election. But Bonaparte smashed Gorman and Root was out for Jerome and with Weaver. So the administration was in the scrimmage all right, and came out on top.

Afraid of Pants.

SOME of the Southeast Missouri Democrats must think that State Insurance Commissioner Vandiver has in view another term in Congress from the 14th District. There is a shuffling of feet in the Southeast which betokens that something is doing. Senator Ely, of Dunklin, has returned from the Southwest. Judge Downing, the "one gallus Democrat," is sniffing the air in the vicinity of Kennett. Col. Joe Russell has abandoned a prolonged hunt, and C. B. Farris, of Pemiscot, who can write a pastoral poem, plead a murder case or make a political speech on five minutes' notice, has his ear to the ground listening for footsteps from the vicinity of the State Capital. If Mr. Vandiver ventures down in the district seeking another Congressional nomination, the brush he is having with the New York Life will be as a Sunday school picnic to a harmony meeting of the St. Louis Democrats. But they do be saying at Jefferson City that His Pantship, Mr. Willard D. Vandiver, wants to be the next nominee for Governor.

WHAT has become of Willis Leonard Clanahan, poet of the *Post-Dispatch*? He appears to be as completely lost as if he had been elected to the Hall of Fame.

Reform Disintegrating.

Do our eyes deceive us? Do we sleep, do we dream, do we wander about? The Boonville *Advertiser* seems to teeter over summat towards David R. Francis for Missouri's favorite son for President. Has ex-Governor Stephens deserted Joseph Wingate Folk? The ex-Governor was appointed State Treas-

urer by Francis to succeed defaulting State Treasurer Noland, and Stephens is any thing but ungrateful. Francis helped him to the Governorship. Stephens helped Folk a great deal, but Folk hasn't helped him very much in return. Still we fail to see how Lon. V. can break away from the church element, with which he was stronger than with any other great moral influence, except Hugh J. Brady, who now wears a granitoid overcoat. Mr. Hugh J. Brady is also a leading Francis boomer. Likewise John Thomas Brady has abandoned Folk to wallowing in the sin of not doing anything for the Bradys. A chill fear creeps in our erstwhile yearning hearts that the forces of reform are disintegrating.

❖ ❖

COL. BOB WHITE, of the *Mexico Ledger*, having proposed Col. E. W. Stephens of the *Jefferson City Tribune* and *Columbia Herald*, as the next candidate for Governor, we await the retort courteous in the nomination by Col. E. W. Stephens of the *Tribune* and the *Herald*, of Col. Bob White, of the *Ledger*, for Democratic candidate for Secretary of State.

❖ ❖

Danger to Our Finances.

WE call the attention of the St. Louis Clearing House Association to the fact that it has recently imperilled its reputation for financial sanity in the appointment of Mr. William Winslow Hoxton as manager of that institution, to succeed the veteran Mr. Stoddart. What right has Hoxton at the head of the Clearing House? The man has written poetry and fiction. Some of it was published in the *MIRROR*. A poet and fictionist is no man to handle money—as a banker should handle it, or figures. Mr. Hoxton is utterly disqualified as a banker by the having in him of those brave sublunary things which are nowhere recognized as collateral. Egad, there must have come a quotidian fever on the Clearing House Association that it should put a poet, a romancing fellow, a gallivating ink-pot gaby at the head of its affairs. He'll be balancing up ballades, triolets, rondeaus, villanelles, pantoums, sestinas, sonnets and quatrains as against cheques and drafts and we shall be in a pother. We herewith emit a clarion cry against William Winslow Hoxton as head of the Clearing House. Our finances are in danger.

❖ ❖

THE Provident Association expended \$41,652.35 last year, for charity at an expense of \$10,344.16. Of this last sum \$6,877.29 went for salaries. Is it true that one man, Manager W. H. McClain, received \$5,000 of that sum? Charity, it seems, can wear some of the aspects of graft.

❖ ❖

"Roth" and "Both"

AS THE editorials in the *Globe-Democrat* are read by the public, it would be a good idea for the writer who has so much to say about prominent Missouri Democrats to remember that Mr. Bothwell is not the Democratic National Committeeman from this State. Mr. Bothwell is a Republican. He lives at Sedalia. He was once chairman of the Republican State Committee, and is yet a leading man in that party. He can make the longest and driest speech of any man in America, ex-Senator Cockrell not excepted. Wm. A. Rothwell is the Democratic National Committeeman from Missouri. He lives at Moberly, and was chairman of the State Committee in 1902. He is also the handsomest man in his party, beyond all doubt. The names sound much alike, and the *Globe-Democrat* is not the only paper that confuses the two men. It would not have made any difference if the *Republic* had made this error, because no one except the proof-reader ever reads an editorial in the *Republic*. It is quite different, however, with

the *Globe-Democrat*. Its editorials are read with enjoyment, and even looked forward to each morning by thousands, and constitute the most interesting and instructive feature of that great paper.

❖ ❖

THE Hon. High Admiral of the St. Louis fleet of garbage scows, Joseph Pea Whyte, Baron Chesley, of Chesley Island, still continues not to think of Joseph W. Folk at all. When the garbage mariner continues not to think, the result is always a splendid display of almost human intelligence—for the slop admiral. He is for Francis for President. So are all the Missourians who do not or cannot think at all.

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The Governor Goes a Hunting

GOVERNOR FOLK has taken out a hunting license at Jefferson City. Senator Stone obtained one at the same town a few days before Governor Folk filed his application. The public will naturally be curious to know what kind of game the Governor will hunt. He has no record as a hunter. In fact, it was not known that he knew how to handle a gun. Governor Folk has been described as almost every kind of a man, except a Nimrod. Everybody knew long ago that Senator Stone was a hunter among hunters. Only a few days ago the *Globe-Democrat*, devoted an editorial of almost a column's length to Senator Stone's prowess as a hunter. It described, in graphic language, a historic incident wherein that mighty sportsman, Col. Moses C. Wetmore, had treed the tobacco trust octopus on his game preserve in Taney County, only to find that the range of his gun was not sufficient to bring the quarry down. In this dilemma, he summoned Senator Stone, a mightier hunter than himself. When the octopus observed the Senator approaching with his "fence-rail" Kentucky rifle over his shoulder, it came down without waiting to have its hide shot full of holes, even as the historic coon when it said to Davy Crockett: "That you, Col. Crockett? You needn't shoot. I'll come down." While reading it, one could almost hear the piteous bleatings of the octopus when Senator Stone came to the succor of his old friend, Col. Wetmore. It is suspected that Governor Folk is not much of an octopus hunter. Thus far he has gone gunning only for boodlers of the common or garden variety. If he should accompany Senator Stone and Colonel Wetmore to the latter's hunting grounds in Taney County, it is not at all likely that he would be able to bag a single octopus. There are but a few specimens of this kind of game now remaining, and they are to be found on Col. Wetmore's preserves. He has an octopus farm, just as other Misourians in various counties maintain skunk farms. The octopus, you know, can raise as much of a smell as any *mephitis Americana*. Its lair is known only to the Colonel, Senator Stone and Mr. Bryan, and possibly to Judge Cornelius Hasdrubal Fauntleroy. Evidently, neither Senator Stone nor the Colonel are anxious to see the Governor improve his score by adding an octopus scalp or brush to his trophies. It might be different with Mr. Bryan, but the latter is not here. He is circumnavigating the globe on the fat proceeds of tilling the stubborn glebe and farming the farmer with tongue and pen. The knowing and sincere friends of the Governor indulge the hope that he will not trust his reputation as a hunter in the hands of Senator Stone and Colonel Wetmore. It is a long shot that they would take him down to Taney County, and knowing that his eyesight is bad, drive some farmer's old mule across his stand and thus induce him to shoot it un-

der the belief that he was bagging an octopus. It is as great a crime in Missouri to kill a mule as it was in ancient Egypt to kill a cat or a crocodile. The mule is the symbol of our character and our prosperity. Whoso would kill a mule, the same would be put out of business, politically. So let the Governor be wise and eschew octopus hunting on Col. Wetmore's hunting grounds. The octopus is not the only game worthy of Governor Folk's artillery. There is the lid lifter, that can be successfully trailed all over the State, and sometimes netted in a battue. The Governor knows the habits of this kind of game. He can instantly call to his aid such trained guides as Father Coffey, Dr. Palmore, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, Thomas E. Mulvihill and a score of others. They could round up such a quarry of game out in St. Louis County as would make the Governor grow weary of the slaughter within an hour. He'd feel like Emperor William after sitting in a cushioned chair for an hour and killing one hundred deer driven up to him by keepers. Tiring of the sport, he could come to St. Louis on a street car and take a few shots at the grafters on the police department who are protecting the policy thieves and panel workers, and incidentally examine the tracks of the bucket shop kings and hand-book petty larceny thieves, to see where they lead. Eventually they might bring him up at the Four Courts. Really, there is so much big game here in St. Louis that the Governor need not look elsewhere. If he goes down in the Ozark wilds, he will be disappointed. His training does not fit him for sport in those rough regions. In Dunklin County he would be in good company with Senator Ely, Col. E. P. Caruthers, J. B. Blakemore, C. P. Hawkins and Col. Shelton, but the ducks are flying high this year and one who must wear nose glasses constantly would make a poor score compared with these able Southeastern dead-shots. Besides, he can't take chances of the discovery that he assisted the great gunners in passing the flask. By all means let the Governor beware of the purling streams and woody dell, in the latter of which he would be lost, as against Jim Reed, of Kansas City, himself a great hunter doing fierce execution in shooting off his mouth. No such *stat nominis umbra* for Joe. Suppose he should go over in Osage County and out snipe hunting some night with Judge E. M. Zevely, Judge R. Steele Ryors, Col. Davidson and Herman Gove? Of course, they would give him the post of honor in the sport, holding the sack, with a lighted candle at its mouth, while the others scoured the hills and drove the snipe to the light and into the sack. In truth, the woods are full of dangers, in the shape of backwoods politicians, to the Governor if he goes forth with a hunting license in his pocket. There are snares and pitfalls too, in the fields, and things to be feared in the babbling brooks. The shyest beast of all the wild is the elusive Farmer's Vote, great when caught and tamed to feed out of the hand, but apt, oh so apt to turn and bite, even as the worm which never dies. Only the wildest woodsmen are expert in pursuing this game. A hunter who carries a Presidential boom among his impedimenta must have great endurance, agility and address. It is apt to tangle him up in the brush as did the horns of the stag who was so proud of them in the fable. One is apt to take it up by the muzzle end and try to pull it over the tail-board, when—*bang!* off it goes prematurely and the owner is down and out and numbered with the "dead ones." The candidate in the forest primeval must be careful not to mistake the hooting of Minerva's bird for *vox populi*, nor the piping notes of the quail for the fifeing of an army with banners

bearing eulogistic inscriptions, nor the drumming of the woodpeckers for the sound of the feet of retreating enemies, or the "resistless tread of advancing millions" of supporters.

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HEARST was elected. He will be seated, too. The real "anarchists" are those who robbed him of his votes.

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CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS still towers into the upper air like a solemn totem pole inviting the Republican Presidential lightning, which won't alight. The people have forgotten now whether Fairbanks is a lard or a soap or a scales.

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Obscene Quacks and the Press.

LET the forces of decency rejoice! War has been inaugurated by the St. Louis Medical Society against the horde of quack doctors who, for years, have been as a pestilence among us. The public will be surprised to learn now that such a popular move has been made. Perhaps they will also wonder why they have not been informed of it by their favorite daily newspaper, whose columns weekday and Sunday for years have reeked with the filth and obscenity in the advertisements of these quacks. More than a week ago, the St. Louis Medical Society adopted a resolution requesting the City Attorney to enforce the ordinance prohibiting such advertisements, and specially directed it to each of the "righteous" dailies, so quick in the cause of morality where they themselves are not concerned. Result—not a line in any paper. Then Drs. George Homan, John Young Brown, and Henry J. Scherk, as the Committee on Public Health and Legislation of the Society, saw to it that the law was enforced, and six of the disreputable Esculapians are now awaiting trial before Judge Moore. But not a line of all this has appeared in any daily newspaper. Why? Because they are practically the confederates of these disseminators of indecency. The quacks pay high for advertising space and the cowardly, hypocritical publishers are afraid either to openly approve or condemn. They prefer silence, which is tacit approval. It is impossible for either the quacks or the publishers to escape on the plea of misinterpreting the law. The ordinance is clear, and tame in the language used to describe the offence, compared to the quack's advertisement. Here it is:

Section 1447. OBSCENE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS PROHIBITED.—Any person who shall in the City of St. Louis advertise, or cause to be advertised in any newspaper printed or circulated in said City, or who shall print or publish any advertisement or notice in any newspaper printed or circulated as aforesaid, purporting to give information as to the treatment of venereal or private or womb diseases, or impotency, self-abuse, sterility or any disease pertaining to the genital organs, or purporting to give information from whom or where medical treatment or medicine may be procured in the above mentioned cases, or any of them, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars for each and every offense. (R. O. 1892, sec. 988.)

Reading it, one can't help feeling that, if justice be done, we shall see the righteous, reputable and wealthy owners of some of our daily papers in the stocks with those clients whom they serve so much better than the public. The ordinance is directed at those who publish as well as those who cause to be published such vicious advertising matter, and it is about time to teach both, and especially the hypocritical publishers, a lesson in obedience to law. As to the fakirs themselves, they should be put out of business. Not only are the flaring announcements

reeking with foulness, nauseating to the public, but they lure the ill and unfortunate to the dens of the quacks where they are literally robbed as well as maltreated. Medicines are sold them at extortionate prices on the representation that they are valuable remedies when in truth they are as void of the essentials of cure as the head of the quack is of medical knowledge. In fact the quacks relieve their victims of everything but their maladies and they'd take them, too, if they could realize on them. Any community is well rid of such professional parasites. St. Louis is overrun with them. They're one class on which the lid should be jammed down tight. But here again we find a special "interest," that of the publishers who fatten on the rates of advertising paid by these frauds and thieves for "capping" for their games, opposed to the interest of the whole people. That publishers shall make money they are willing that people shall be poisoned, maimed, diseased, robbed and even murdered by the vile and obscene medical advertiser.

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TERRIBLE the way Ohio went, wasn't it? And just as Adolphus. Busch got back to our shores, too. Talk about welcoming a man with bloody hands to a hospitable grave! It's nothing to a whole State declaring for the lid as greeting to the Brewer King.

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Our Noble Press.

AH, that brave daily press! *Sacre mille tonerre*, but *c'est une brave!* See how it supports *Collier's* fight against patent medicine advertising? *Collier* wants to break up the business of advertising "medicines" composed mostly of rot-gut whiskey and various forms of opium. The dailies are co-operating nobly. How? By printing more, larger patent medicine advertising at increased rates. That's the way to smash the business of insidiously making drunkards and dope fiends. Take its money. What the hell do we care, if we get the money, how the patent medicine dope takes life. The daily press! *Tres belle! Tres magnifique!*

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MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP can't be stopped, now. New York, Chicago and Cleveland have declared for it. Though trickery and force and fraud have temporarily checked the cause in the first two cities, it will surely win out all along the line. The crookeder the fight against the idea the more certain and overwhelming will be its triumph.

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Trimming "The Talent."

IN politics, as in gambling, horse racing, prize fighting and fixable "sport" generally, it is "the talent" who are the real "suckers." They are always trimmed and skinned when they have the surest of sure things. Just when they have things most invincibly fixed they are always done up by the neophytes. The politician is a wise guy and smart goods only when the people don't care. When the people wake up, he is a rank "dub." Such is the lesson of the elections of last week, as it is of every big horse race or prize fight. The honest folk at a show-down, always walk off with the "wise" folks' money.

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Mr. Arbuckle's Idea.

THERE are those who in the past have seemingly lacked in due respect for the Latin-American Club of this city, once known as the Spanish Club. These individuals, if they read an article in the *Republic* the other day, must now feel like retiring to Chesley Island for the winter. The article in question told

how Mr. James A. Arbuckle, who manages the club, or is President or secretary of it, or something of the sort, or is probably the whole show, had cudgelled his mighty brain until he evolved an idea whereby David R. Francis could get to Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia without spending any of his own precious money. It was this: call upon the United States Government to place the battleship *Missouri* the service of the President of the World's Fair. Those who feared that they would be asked to contribute if the hat were passed around, hailed Mr. Arbuckle's idea with great enthusiasm, and the club adopted it with a whoop. When spoken to regarding the matter, D. R. F. said the proposition had a "presuming aspect." Sure. Think of only a single warship being placed at the disposal of such a generous and retiring individual. The occasion will be a great one, and the entire fleet should be at his disposal. It is surprising that Mr. Arbuckle did not think of this. Perhaps he is withholding some details of his great idea, and presently will call upon all nations to contribute at least one first-class war vessel. Let us hope so. And meantime, let St. Louis do homage to the Latin-American Club and the great man who evolved the scheme referred to. Those who assumed that his duties were chiefly to look after gross commercial matters such as tradespeople of this town negotiate with the denizens of Mexico and the lands of Revolution to the South, know better now. He has pointed out a way to save the big cinch from making up a purse, and that is enough to guarantee him a long funeral procession and a monument when he is dead if Congress will appropriate money therefor. Still, we hope and pray that Mr. Arbuckle will long be spared to us. The greatest man in St. Louis to-day is the one who can figure out the most soft snaps for the big cinch, and do most for the same without charging anything for his services. Mr. Arbuckle is on the right track. Let him pursue it.

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AND to think, in view of what other cities have done, that we elected Wells to the Mayoralty! It's enough to make us civically sea-sick.

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Go's Fur's Ye Like, Teddy.

WHAT a bracer were the elections last Tuesday for Theodore Roosevelt in the work he has cut out for himself against the rebating railroads and the grafting insurance moguls! The United States Senate is shaking in its boots as a result of the vote of confidence in the assailants of the cinches. The "square deal" approaches apace.

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COL. E. E. E. McJIMSEY'S paper, the *St. Joseph Gazette*, is out for Taft for President. Well, Taft may not get the Missouri delegation, but he's to be congratulated upon having the ablest and most eloquent editor in Missouri on his side. Secretary Taft should arrange to have Col. McJimsey nominate him. His speech would lift the lid even if the Brobdinagian Secretary himself were sitting on it. Col. McJimsey speaks with much Es.

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D. R. F.'s Cinch.

D. R. F. is in favor of abolishing the Bridge Arbitrary. It was D. R. F.'s sell out of the Merchants Bridge that gave the Terminal Trust its cinch on St. Louis. It is a son of D. R. F. who now holds property at Venice for D. R. F.'s Madison Ferry Company to prevent the running of streets through certain land added to the ferry property by the receding river, to reach a new ferry. The company holds

the town can't push its streets out into the added land, but the Ferry Company can gobble the land all right. D. R. F. is the man who is shutting out a new competing ferry in North St. Louis. A new ferry company would compete with the bridges, the Terminal, the D. R. F. ferry. D. R. F. is for anything to stop new ferries. Why? They would be really harmful to the Terminal Trust, where a free bridge wouldn't. Francis knows the free bridge remedy is a fake and a mistake. D. R. F. is the cinch incarnate.

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Not Like Pilate.

TREMENDOUS silence enwraps one Joseph Ramsey, Jr. Queer, isn't it? And all he could tell Attorney General Hadley, too, about railroad doings in Missouri. We must have Joseph, Jr., back here again that he may his tale unfold to the avid ear of Missouri. He mustn't neglect the chance to wash those hands which Judge Taylor found unclean in the injunction proceeding against George Gould. And he's too game a sport to wash his hands like Pilate.

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Boss Janizaries.

THE police are the janizaries of Bossism and Corruption in the cities. Wherever the police are out of politics the people have a chance at the polls. Wherever the police are in power the ballot stealers and box-stuffers and return padders get in their work. The police "beat" Hearst in New York. Only hobbling the police saved the people in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. The police here are still in secret touch with the old gambling ring leader. The phone service at his house still connects with the police telephone system. His word goes and his advice is still sought by captains and lieutenants and sergeants. That's enough—isn't it?—to make Folk wake up.

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MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, gets along swimmingly in his fight for municipal ownership. The cause progresses. Clarence S. Darrow has quit it—for the cause's good.

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At Two Dollars Per.

NONE of the daily newspapers has printed the testimony brought out in the big New York insurance inquiry to the effect that a number of very reputable papers published as news dispatches favorable to the companies at \$2 per line. The dispatches were printed as news without anything to distinguish them from real news and were in every instance designed to offset the effect of the damaging testimony brought out in the investigation. I'd hate to repeat what the late J. B. McCullagh said a newspaper business office man would print in his own paper for money. But isn't it comical to think of the papers roasting the insurance companies in heavy editorials and at the same time printing for pay, news doctored in the interests of the companies?

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SENATOR WARNER was given a banquet by the men who want him to pay for the "feed" with Federal appointments. That's the ghost at the feast always—the self-interest of those who get it up.

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The Bond Issue Defeated.

THAT Barmecide gift as to the abolition of the bridge arbitrary is not going to help to the adoption of the bond issue. The people are against more bonds for one very good reason. They know that if the big bugs were taxed as near the value of their possessions as are the small property owners there would be no lack of money in the city treasury. If the big franchises were taxed at their true valuation

there would be no need for a bond issue. If the people who profit most by the city, those who grow rich by their use of things made useful by the presence here of 600,000 people, there would be no city debt. A bond issue means nothing more than that those who should pay greater taxes and do not pay them will get the bonds and draw the interest out of funds made up from the levy upon those who already pay more than their just share. The bond issue will be defeated, unless it is stuffed through by politician judges and clerks of election paid to do it as they were paid to stuff through the last bond issue.

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The Warfare on Kinney.

SENATOR TOM KINNEY is the Democratic party in St. Louis. He elects its tickets. The party now makes war on Kinney's election workers, sacrificing them to the Republicans. It is all a pretty game. Discredited leaders and bosses are doing all in their power to discourage Kinney's election "invincibles." If they can be frightened off, the city will go Republican and then a movement will be manufactured to call the discredited leaders back to power. This won't work. The discredited leaders approved of the Senator's invincible and unerring methods of election carrying. They lost out only when the people smashed the gambling ring that was protected by the police grafters under the domination of the leaders. These leaders want to come back into power with the gambling syndicate. The gambling syndicate is now with the Republicans preparing the way for the Democratic defeat and the subsequent cry of recall to the gambling and graft leader as a Moses. The man for and through whom the election frauds were committed, the man who was made leader and wealthy by those frauds which enabled him to protect gamblers and thieves, is the man who is now secretly delivering up to justice the workers who made him. The most efficient assistant Circuit Attorney Sager has in catching the election crooks is the man who profited most by the work of those he is now delivering up to justice. The late President of the Police Board and of the Jefferson Club is betraying his servitors and followers, all as a step to return to power as the political representative of the syndicate who had a monopoly of the race-tracks, the crap games, the sure thing games, and the representative at the same time of chivalry, reform, Rolla Wells, the St. Louis and Monday Clubs. Kinney is being sumptuously repaid for his labors for his party. The party is trying to break and ruin him. But the scheme will not work. The graft leader will never get back into control. The time is past when the boys will obey his own injunction, "anything goes, short of murder." But it's mighty clever in Arthur Sager, Circuit Attorney, to find his ablest assistant in "slewing" Democrats for election frauds, in the Carleton Building. Every camp of "Invincibles" has its Carey at the top, but it's only a fortunate prosecutor who can get his evidence without bringing him from under cover.

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Let Us Have Peace.

CERTAINLY, the Civil War spirit is dead in Missouri. Col. Cole Younger is now engaged in the peaceful occupation of constructing a trolley line from Lee's Summit to Kansas City, and Col. Frank James, who used to hold up trains between Lee's Summit and Kansas City, is farming in Clay County. Dr. Alonzo Tubbs is willing to let the dead past bury its dead if the ex-Confederates will strike hands with him in demanding an anti-tipping law from the next Legislature. In brief, from all over the State comes news of the fraternizing of the old soldiers of civil

strife. Col. Wetmore, Federal, and Col. Harve Salma, Confederate, have long been unto one another even as twin brothers, and we have seen Private James Bannerman *arcades ambo* with Col. Pat. Dyer, many a time. With these brilliant examples of a bridged chasm before them, Father Coffey and the German-American Alliance should at least make a feeble effort to dwell together in amity. If the war-scarred Col. Joe Russell can lay aside his bitterness forever and devote columns of his paper to pastoral themes, the propagation of rainbow trout in the Meramec, and kindred subjects, why cannot Father Coffey parade one street with his banner of "No Sunday Beer," while Dr. Richter is marching through another, and thus avoid a collision requiring as much newspaper space Monday mornings as a Russian riot?

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SENATOR BURTON, of Kansas, has eight new indictments against him, but what need he care? He has Chester Harding Krum and Fred W. Lehmann for his lawyers, and is, therefore, mailed in triple brass against unkind fortune. It is a great thing for Burton. After being defended six, eight or a dozen times by those gentlemen, he is likely to come out of his troubles, not only fully civilized, but highly cultured. It's almost worth while to commit a crime to hear those golden tongues plead its righteousness. Happy Burton!

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CLOSE scrutiny of the election returns fails to reveal anything therein that can be reckoned as giving aid and comfort to a possibility with the antecedents, position or opinions of David Rowland Francis. A speculator President! An ounce of civet, apothecary, to sweeten our imagination!

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Bye-Bye, Katy.

FIRST thing Jim Hill did when he bought the M. K. & T. and allied it with his Burlington-Union Pacific road, was to order the dropping of its nickname, the "Katy," from all its advertising matter. This shows Jim Hill's regard for details, but it also shows that he hasn't the soul of the poet in him. Also it shows that he overestimates the power of a man to stop a nickname. The people of the territory through which the M. K. and T. runs will probably be calling the line the "Katy" when Jim Hill has gone down into the hollow hill. "Katy" was and is a term of affection with the people and that sentiment towards the road was the best advertisement it had. We are not yet prepared to say "Good-bye" to "Katy."

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MR. GEORGE P. JONES, the oil man, is "mentioned" for Police Commissioner. When Mr. Jones was last heard from he was cussing Folk for signing the maximum freight-rate bill, but probably the oil and the salve have "got together."

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Against St. Louis

AGAIN St. Louis "gets the worst of it." Hill's control of the M., K. & T. is in the interest of Kansas City as against St. Louis. Joining it with the Canadian Pacific by way of the Burlington, Hill acquires control over nearly all the wheat producing territory in the Northwest, not only in the United States, but also in Canada, with an outlet to the Gulf by way of Kansas City. The purchase by the Hill interests of one-third of the Armour-Swift holdings in Kansas City and in Clay County is a part of the plan of Hill to carry out his project for shipping wheat and flour from the Northwest and Canada through the Kansas City gateway to the Gulf. Other things go with wheat and flour, and they will go by

St. Louis to the Southwest. If things go on as they have been going for the past five years in the railroad business, St. Louis will be side-tracked for good, and Kansas City will pass us in the race for population and trade supremacy. But the business men here don't seem to see these big movements against the town they live in. The newspapers here blink the fact that these big deals are against the city's interests. What St. Louis needs is that some of its big men, if we have more than one or two available, should get into the big railroad game and do something for this town in the big railroad directories.

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Not Forgotten

WE have read with pain the spacious newspaper accounts of the retirement of Hon. James Harry Cronin from the bar of his historic saloon at Twelfth and Walnut. "The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars go by into ultimate silence and emptiness," and Cronin must go with them, unfortunately, but he goes not without leaving behind fond memories of his philosophy, his wit, his philanthropic willingness to bail us out at ever-so-much o'clock in the morning. The Hon. James Harry still hath empery of our hearts more than he doth wot of, and we shall still render him such fond service as we may by occasionally playing a "gig" in the policy game which he so ably conducts in conjunction with the Hon. John P. Collinsky.

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SUBSCRIBE to the relief fund for the Russian Jews. Send cheques to Benjamin Eiseman, care Rice-Stix Dry Goods Co., 1000 Washington avenue. It is a good cause, and "every little bit helps."

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Joke on Us

WHEN we Yankees confess we can't "see" George Bernard Shaw we admit our density to the greatest joke of the century. There was a time when Yankees would have been the first to "catch on to him." Now we are amazed even at "Man and Superman," when it's nothing but a compilation of American jokes. Nine out of ten American jokes have woman for the butt thereof. "Man and Superman" fuses them all into a philosophy—God help us! As for "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which we all may read, though the police won't let us see it acted, there's nothing wrong with it except that it is only too true, yet not wholly true for all that. All that Shaw has made his heroine say in her defense, in that play, Leckey said in one oft-quoted sentence, and with a true sympathy to which the petrified Shaw is a stranger. Shaw is having fun with us, all the time we think we're having fun with Shaw. This is pretty nearly the first time on record that the joke's on us, and we don't seem to know it. Honestly now, we're almost as obtuse to G. B. S. as poor Matthew Arnold was to us.

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Suffering Jews

REALLY it seems from the way liberal and advanced Russians are treating the poor Jews that in the bureaucracy that oppressed, tortured, exiled and murdered the Russians themselves, they had the sort of government they deserved. Indeed, one falteringly advances the opinion that but for the government so violently denounced, persecutions of the Jews might have been worse. And yet revolutions do not go backward, terrible though their excesses may be, as in France and now in Russia. The blood of the Jews will be the seed of the new Nation. They die to make free the men who slay them. What they

have suffered in the past has been no small factor in the shaping of events that led to the grant of a constitution by the Czar. What they are now suffering will work to the ending of the Romanoff dynasty. They atone for the sins of those who persecute them. This is a mystery of life that is hard for the Jews to accept, yet nothing is more certain in history than that the sufferings of the innocent are often the cause of ultimate blessing to the sinner. In this view, then, Jesus Christ was indeed the typical Jew.

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WHEN do we get to see a new play in St. Louis, other than those at the Garrick? The Theatrical Trust is starving us, and Col. Short can't help it, for he has to take the bookings that are given him. We get a peep at nothing both new and good in the theatrical line in this city. Funny that good, new, big shows that get to Chicago within three months or less of their original production, can't get down here in less than a year or a year and a half. There may be other sizable cities that suffer as much as St. Louis from the existence of the Theatrical Trust, but we have never heard of them.

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YOU can't commit suicide in Cleveland until you pass an examination before Mayor Tom Johnson's special commission, and then get a permit. Still, the Cleveland commission may solve a long vexed problem. Can a man make out a case of conditions appertaining to himself that will establish irrefragably the logic, the justifiability, the necessity of self-slaughter? We think not.

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What Can We Do?

THE Chicago Wrecking Company is under contract to have the World's Fair debris cleared out of Forest Park by December 1st. It can't do the work now remaining to be done in that time. It has not done the work of wrecking and cleaning up as it should have been done. It has removed only what it could sell. Unsalable truck it allows to accumulate for the city to remove. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company is under bond of \$200,000 to the city to have the debris removed by December 1st. But if the city declares the bond forfeited the city will lose one-third of the sum, having that much interest in it, and then would have to clean up the park at the public's expense. The Chicago Wrecking Company expects trouble. Therefore it is sending around to the local papers measly advertisements announcing for sale some of its remaining junk. This is a cheap bribe to suppress criticism. The Exposition Company wants more time in which to force the Wrecking Company to clean up the site. The city will probably have to grant it, as even if it were to secure the full \$200,000 of the bond, that sum would not suffice to put Forest Park in the condition in which the Exposition Company found it. In the squabble between the Exposition Company and the Chicago Wrecking Company the city "gets the worst of it." The ruins of the Fair are a blot on the Park landscape. In the long run the ruins will have to be removed by the city at a loss, even with the time for removal extended to May 1st, or six months longer than the time of removal originally contracted for. This will leave the park still defaced next summer. The press should not regard the Chicago Wrecking Company's little advertisement in their columns as more important than the restoration of the park. The city should not be gouged to restore the park, but we have an administration of affairs here of which we cannot expect anything. Its answer to all urging towards action in any conflict be-

tween the city and certain big interests and individuals is ever the same: "What can we do?" If we had had a Mayor who had any regard for anything but the feelings of those who put him in office and continue to burn incense before him at the St. Louis and the Noonday clubs, the Fair ruins would have been cleared away by this time, and the Park would be in a fair state of restoration for the enjoyment of the people next summer. It's a wonderful "business" Mayor who lets the city get squeezed between the Exposition Company and the Chicago Wrecking Company, so that if he enforces a contract the city loses money, and if he doesn't enforce it, the city loses more money. This is the business administration we have. The rankest kind of a politician Mayor would have done better for the people. When we see the absurd, ridiculous, contemptible plight of Wells in this matter and remember the attitude of Uncle Henry Ziegenhein with regard to the grant of the Park as a Fair site, we find our respect for Uncle Henry's business sagacity rising most remarkably. But then, a "business" administration is always an administration in the interest of the "business" sharpers who put up the "business" candidate to help their "business."

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The New Coliseum Project

THE proposition to erect a new Coliseum at Grand avenue and Rutger street, and to make the armory of the Light Artillery Association, now located there, part of the great structure, has been accepted by the public as a civic-spirit proposition exclusively, although there is a slight clash owing to the disinclination of Battery A to turn over the results of its work thus far to the use of the First Regiment of the National Guard, which wants to come in on the armory facilities. This city needs a big building in which great gatherings, like National political conventions, can be held. Much of the material of the present Coliseum can be used in building an extensive addition to the present imposing shell-front of the Light Battery's armory. Still, the site at Grand avenue and Rutger street is out of the way. It is difficult to reach on the street cars. It may be said to be inaccessible to the multitude. This is an objection which will be difficult to overcome. Furthermore, there is back of the project another private scheme. If the public put up the money to carry out this project one of the first drafts upon the sum total of the subscriptions will be to take up the indebtedness on the present armory, for which a certain crowd of financiers, all of whom are of the class supposedly most benefited by the establishment and maintenance of the militia, have stood good. The financiers will naturally recoup themselves, before turning over the property to the public. This is an opportunity to unload that will not soon occur again. This is what may account for the enthusiasm with which the project is being pushed upon the people. We need a great convention hall. Capt. Rumbold's Battery A should be properly quartered. So should the rest of the local military power of the State. But the State should take care of its military arm. Other States do. The community should build a convention hall by public subscription, but it should make sure that the hall shall be properly located, that the site should not be selected primarily to benefit certain financial or realty interests, that the public money should not be gathered together to make good the public spirit of leading financiers. This city has borne with a good deal in the matter of raising public funds to turn over to private enterprises. We had a Fall Festivities fund of which a large chunk

was voted into a great private hotel project. The World's Fair fund seems to have been chiefly beneficial to those who did the collecting rather than to the mass of those who did the giving. A coliseum fund that will pay off the philanthropists who have helped the Battery, that will enhance the value of realty held by philanthropists in the neighborhood of the site said to have been chosen, that will unload the expense of a good armory from the shoulders of the class that most wants the militia to the shoulders of the general public—such a coliseum fund is not one to the heaping up of which the people will rally enthusiastically. When we add to these considerations the evident fact that the site selected "lacks the concentration of street railway facilities required at times for a great convention and entertainment hall," is it plainly to be seen that it is not well to proceed too hastily along the lines so carefully laid out for our guidance by those to whose interest it is that those lines, and none other, shall be followed. Let us have a coliseum, an armory, two armories; but let us have the coliseum where we can reach it and let the armories be provided and maintained by the State or by the men who are first to call for the militia.

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Pledging the Voter

MR. D. N. HOLLOWAY, member of the Democratic State Committee from the Thirteenth Missouri District, has, alone and unaided, unprompted absolutely autogenetically, evolved and formulated an original plan for getting out a full Democratic vote next year. It is to induce every Democrat to sign a solemn pledge that he will vote the regularly nominated ticket if life, health and opportunity permit. This is the old way of recruiting temperance ranks, except that no ribbon is awarded. It remains to be seen how it will work in politics. A seeming weak part in Mr. Holloway's plan is that it takes no account of those who may refuse to sign the pledge or of the very large number of signers who would undoubtedly backslide if asked to vote for objectionable men. Last year these people found that the universally unobjectionable Mr. Folk was objectionable as a gubernatorial candidate, to say nothing of Alton Brooks Parker. For a great variety of reasons, it is feared that the pledge plan is full of blow-holes. How about fishing on election day? A good many thousand Southeast Missourians of past Democratic faith, must have indulged in this pastime in November, 1904. Are they not likely to do so in 1906? Mr. Holloway should make arrangements with the Weather Bureau for heavy showers, and, if possible, fierce storms, so as to prevent this piscatorial sipage of votes through the dam he would erect with his pledge. A pledge is a mighty flimsy hold on voters. Didn't Claude Vrooman swear the municipal ownership voters on grinning skulls, to slow music, red fire and amid dancing dervishes in sanbenitos, then signing the oath in their own blood, to stick forever to the fortunes of Lee Meriwether in 1897, and behold you, Lee got a sparse three thousand votes for Mayor here last April. A pledge, we fear, from common rumor, will no more keep a man in the band wagon than it will keep him on the water wagon.

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The Cits. Indust. Union

THE National Citizens' Industrial Association is in convention here this week. It represents the employers' union phase of the Labor vs. Capital conflict. It stands for "the open shop," which means the death of Labor Unionism. It is for the boycott to fight the boycott, for one wrong to right another. It rejects

The World's Grandest Jewelry Establishment.

Mermod, Jaccard & King, Broadway, Cor. Locust.

Reduction Sale of Watches



FOR ten days you can buy our celebrated time keepers at exactly one-fifth less than regular prices, over 5000 watches to select from. Any watch in our magnificent stock at

20% Discount Off Regular Prices

FOR example, during this sale for \$80.00, you can buy our regular \$100.00 watches—and for \$40.00 our \$50.00 watches—for \$20.00 our \$25.00 watches.

The Watch As shown by illustration—solid 14-karat gold, hand engraved, extra heavy, hunting case, fitted with one of our guaranteed movements, our regular \$175.00 watch

During This Sale \$140.00

Mermod, Jaccard & King,

Broadway, Cor. Locust.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Our New X-mas Catalogue FREE.

and spurns arbitration, as it claims the unions do. It is unionism *plus* money and prestige. It is a semi-secret order, and as such purposes to work at the polls. This is as un-American as like work by any other secret order. The Association's programme is for the same sort of war which, made by a Labor Union, the Association calls "anarchy." But it's more "respectable"; more money back of it. It spreads strikes just as Labor Unions do to coerce the innocent public. The Association is just about as good as Labor Unions, and as bad, or worse.

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De Flagello Myrteo

82.
PSYCHE lays her butterfly wings aside in the embrace of Love.

83.
The radiant gleam of immortality
Trust not, nor doubt o'er much, thus Psyche warns,
Whose very wing is but a shining dust,
Yet dust it is of beauty, not of Death.

84.
When from one image of Love paired with Love,
Death lifts "the painted veil that men call life."
Then Love on earth hath sight of Love in heaven.
Prismatic gleam, of sunshine woven and tears.

85.
Love, loving all things lovely, cannot but love himself: but whereas in all things else he is a master, herein is he a disciple.

86.
If Eros had not the care of the world upon his shoulders, he would pine away like Narcissus in the entranced contemplation of his own beauty; and, since the world would perish with him, without leaving even Echo to lament him.

87.
Eros, like Dian, inhabits heaven, earth, and hell; his heaven is Love, his earth Passion, and his hell Jealousy.

88.
Anteros marvels that no temples are erected to him: but he in whose bosom the works of Love have been brought to nought, even though to its assuage-

ment, is in no mood for the converse of the two temple-builders, Gratitude and Gladness.

89.
The true Anteros is not Antipathy, but Love of Self.

90.
Eros smiles when he beholds the olive of Pallas feeding the lamp of Hero.

91.
Pallas, Poseidon, claimed the victor's meed
When with her olive she o'ercame thy steed:
Yet sure the goodly growth was owed to thee,
For most it prospers nighest to the sea,
And, would man's care conserve the fruit benign,
Embalmed must it be in bitter brine.

92.
The myrtle emblems not only love but faithful love; for it is evergreen, and its fragrance depends not upon the fleeting blossom but upon the aromatic sap which is the life of its life.

93.
The laurels wither and the roses pall.
O for one myrtle-leaf among them all!

94.
Life without Love is as a flower without fragrance.

95.
Yet even the loveless life, like the scentless rose, may be beautiful, but it cannot be sweet.

96.
Love, alas! often puts golden treasure into an earthen vessel; but he never puts earth into a vessel of gold, unless it be earth from a grave.

97.
Yet the fragile vase, if of Love's rare porcelain, may be as precious as his gold, and its frailty enhances its preciousness.

98.
It is said that Hope was the only good Genius left in Pandora's casket: but which of the others could have lived without her?

99.
When Love professes to live without Hope, look to his torch; and if he speak sooth, thou wilt find that he has exchanged with Death.

100.
Rekindled torch of Love was never quenched.

101.
Love oft by seeming flight allures pursuit,
And casts thee down that thou may'st cling to him.

Kindly Caricatures

[26] Nathan Frank.

FACTOR in many fields of effort is the gentleman who smiles upon us so foxily in Caricaturists Bloch's presentment to-day. Mr. Nathan Frank is a lawyer; one of those insinuating lawyers you don't hear much about. He has a big practice, a great big practice that doesn't bring him into the open very often; a practice that pays big fees for fine, velvety, rich, creamy work that gets results without attracting too much public notice. Mr. Frank is always dressed to just that degree of elegance that stops short of being noticeable. His suavity is exquisite, but he can be sharp on occasion. Once he went to Congress. He ran as a Republican, but Ed Butler delivered the goods and elected him. Mr. Frank in Congress went back on Old Boss Filley and that ended Mr. Frank as a statesman. Ever after Boss Filley always alluded to Mr. Frank, in his literature, as "Gnat" Frank, which was unkind. But the "gnat" "got" the lion. Mr. Frank tied up with Kerens and put Filley to the bad. Mr. Frank's rare and choice business instinct has kept him with Mr. Kerens ever since.

Mr. Frank has some pretensions to being a financier. He floated the *Star* newspaper successfully, even if it was light enough, when he took hold of it, to float easily. Mr. Frank took a hand, too, at directing local legislation, at times. A lawyer can do that sort of thing with impunity, you know. Some good and juicy things were put over under his auspices—telephone bills, pneumatic tube bills and the like. Mr. Frank, as lawyer, was retained in many cases of importance; and upon his side of those cases there was generally a strenuous support from Mr. Frank, the publisher. He couldn't help that, not being able to be in two different places at the same time. Mr. Frank's standing in the law and in journalism enabled him at one time to make an entree into Wall Street as an *entrepreneur* for St. Louis, and some of the big houses there at one time believed that he was the man here to look after their interests. Mr. Edwards Whitaker and some other "swingers of big things" convinced Wall Street that Mr. Frank, while a big man, wasn't exactly the big man Wall Street wanted out here. At one time also Mr. Frank almost convinced certain big interests close to President McKinley that he was the coming man in Republican politics in Missouri; but Mr. Kerens blocked that game with Mr. McKinley and when Roosevelt came into power Mr. Frank was of the conservatives who had been inclined to think "Teddy" was "erratic." So that settled Nathan there.

It was Mr. Frank's paper, the *Star*, that brought Folk to the front as it started or got credit for starting the boodle crusade, though that crusade was really started by a three-line item in the *MIRROR* about the squabble over the Suburban boodle in the safe-deposit vaults. But Mr. Frank didn't stick to Mr. Folk. After boosting him sky-high Mr. Frank's paper went over to the support of Walbridge for Governor against Folk. That looked bad. Then when the Republicans carried the State for Roosevelt and Niedringhaus captured the Senatorial caucus, Mr. Frank was surprised on the stockade of the Kerens camp—not altogether in, you know, but almost, yet far enough outside to give him a faint hope that he might be the compromise choice when Kerens bolted the Niedringhaus nomination. He was considered, and he would have made a good compromise candidate, except that he was too tactful. Shortly after this Mr. Frank's *Star* wobbled over towards Wells for Mayor, when as a Republican paper it ought to have supported Talty. But Mr. Frank couldn't help that. The Big Cinch had him. He was on the World's Fair Executive Committee. That bunch had to hang together. So Mr. Frank supported Talty in a way that

THE LAW OF LOVE

— BY —

WILLIAM MARION REEDY



HERE are only five men in America who can write as well as Reedy—none can write better. These are Ambrose Bierce, Alfred Henry Lewis, James Huneker, and—just name the other two for yourself! Reedy has imagination, insight, sympathy, good cheer and a sense of values as one in a million.

He writes as he feels, and usually he feels right. The thought to him is the vital thing, and so he is direct, eloquent, flowing and exercises a fine economy of words in his eagerness to get the thing said. Reedy has a sure, subtle skill in choosing exactly the right word—with him there are no synonyms. And every word casts a purple shadow. Grammar can be taught in schools, but literary style is the secret of God—the child of the fervent spirit.

THE LAW OF LOVE; being Fantasies of Science and Sentiment by William Marion Reedy.

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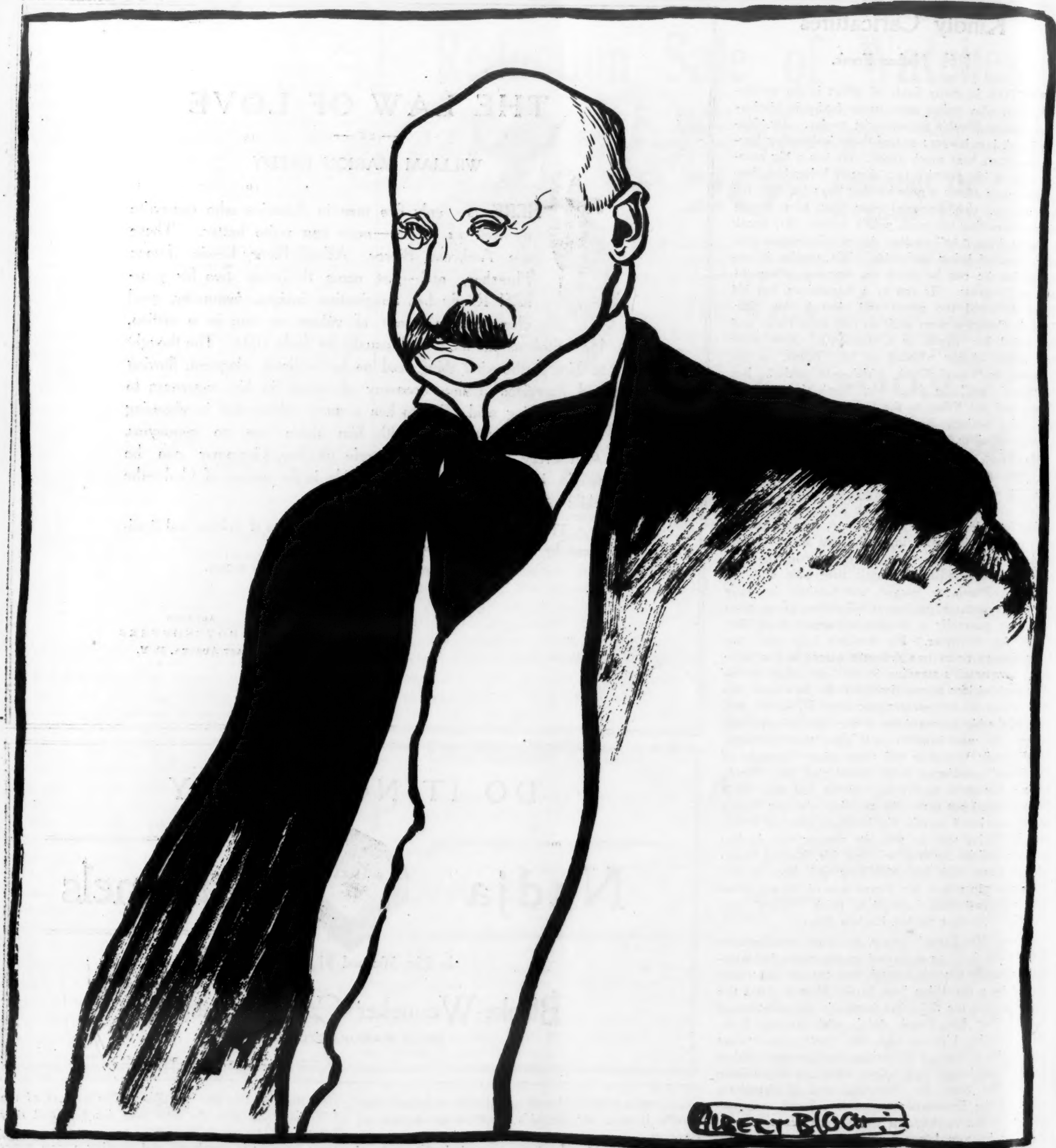
Blanke-Wenneker Candy Company,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

was a most elegant "knock" and while it helped elect Wells it cost Mr. Frank's paper a great deal of support.

Next thing Mr. Frank was negotiating the sale of the *Star* to Mr. E. G. Lewis, of the People's United States Bank, the *Woman's Magazine*, etc. Lewis' bank was under the *MIRROR*'s fire. Mr. Lewis wanted a daily. He and Mr. Frank reached an agreement and the day was set for the payment by Lewis of the price. The *Post-Dispatch* waited until that day. Then it sprung the report of the Post Office Inspectors on the Lewis bank as a fraudulent concern. Lewis' cheque was thrown out at the bank and the deal fell through. Mr. Lewis had agreed to take the *Chroni-*

cle's staff over to run the *Star*. The owners of the *Chronicle* saw that the *Star* was for sale and they bought it. Their own men came very near to leaving the *Chronicle* in the lurch and starting a new paper with *Chronicle* brains and prestige and inner knowledge of *Chronicle* business. Mr. Frank got his price after all and the *Chronicle* got the *Star*. Where it got it I don't care to say. What the *Chronicle* thinks of what it got for the price it paid I haven't heard. Glad of it. I might have been shocked. Anyhow, now it's the *Star-Chronicle* and you can't tell the owners of the *Chronicle*—the Scripps-McRae Newspaper Association—that Mr. Nathan Frank isn't everything that we have latterly come to associate



NATHAN FRANK

Kindly Caricatures No. 26.

with the idea of a high financier. Mr. Frank has still an interest, I believe, in the *Star-Chronicle*, but it isn't a dominating one, for the *Star-Chronicle's* attitude towards a great many things is exactly the opposite of the attitude, before consolidation, of Mr. Nathan Frank, attorney, and Mr. Nathan Frank, publisher

So Mr. Nathan Frank is a slick one. That is the opinion of everyone and Mr. Frank comes in and makes the opinion unanimous. Mr. Frank's opinion of himself all around is exceedingly good. No one knows quite as much of anything as Mr. Frank knows of everything. He can always speak *ex-cathedra*. He can always tell you what's going on "on the in-

side," and if things are going right it's because his advice was followed, while if things are going wrong it's because he was not heeded. There's no one quite so wise as Mr. Frank. There are other leaders in big things in St. Louis, but after Mr. Frank has explained those big things to you, it's plain that the power behind the throne is Mr. Nathan Frank.

Supper's

AT LAST! AT LAST! AT LAST!

The New Annex is ready.—New waiting rooms.—New toilet rooms.—New lavatories.—New hair-dressing rooms.—New manicure parlors.—New department for sale of hair goods and toilet preparations.—Large addition to upholstery department.—New corset department.—New infants' cloak and cap department.—Three new elevators.—New black dress goods department.—Newly enlarged and arranged cloak department.—New stationery department.—New men's furnishing department.—New art department.—New umbrella department, on 1st floor.—New shoe department, in basement, etc., etc. All beautifully fitted up. Waiting room, in hardwood, with Oriental rugs, writing desks,—current periodicals,—telephones, telegraph office,—post office,—information bureau,—checking room,—rest room,—sick room with attendant.

Also the grandest, most magnificent and altogether unparalleled stock of merchandise ever brought to St. Louis.

There's no discounting Mr. Frank. He's away above par. It doesn't make any difference what the subject-matter may be, when Mr. Frank pontificates about it it's all over—law, finance, politics, business, anything. He's our Admirable Crichton. It's a shame—that's what it is—that others are so ready to usurp the high places which Mr. Frank's ferocious modesty restrains him from pre-empting.

Mr. Frank is a successful man. He has succeeded in convincing not only himself but others, of his importance. There's no question of his legal acumen. There's no doubt that he earns big pay by keeping clients out of trouble. There's no doubt that he's a clever and graceful man in negotiations. He is not capable of a great deal of geniality, but he is remarkably gifted in the conveniences. He is a good type of the polite man in affairs. He carries himself with much ease and aplomb, but he never quite makes good as a good fellow. No man quite so eminent has fewer close friends. He is in the crowd, not of it. His affable aloofness is his peculiar characteristic. Social he is not, nor sociable, yet he is always pleasant to meet and ever plausible to a point just short of ingratiating. His intellectual qualities are keen, and he is a man of learning and of taste, yet he sets not great store by these gifts but seems rather to prefer an attitude of lukewarmness to everything. I think that Mr. Nathan Frank once had an ambition, probably a dream of a career like Beaconsfield's. His effort to realize that was defeated. Ever since he has seemed a disappointed man, and disappointed in nothing quite so much as in the success he has achieved in a field lower than the one to which he aspired, for in this cool, quiet, cynical man there burns all unsuspected to most the flame of an egotism of gorgeous oriency, the passion of a Judas Maccabeus, the obscured and foiled genius of a Judah P. Benjamin.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny Wren:

WE are all completely flabbergasted and overcome at the terrific success which the Blackwell girls have achieved. Mother says she doesn't see how under the sun Mrs. Blackwell does it, and that as she doesn't know the lady well, she means to cultivate her extensively so as to get pointers on marrying off her daughters to eligible men. For, Jen, hearken to me wurd, the Blackwell girls are making the best matches of this or any other old season. Do you remember I wrote you, some time ago, that I didn't know who Agnes Blackwell was? Well, I don't yet, but I do know that she is engaged to the son of the Governor of Ohio, and that ought to help a good deal. An older daughter married the son of Senator Aldrich, and that counts for a few points, *n'est pas*? There is yet another daughter and I haven't the slightest doubt, my dummeling, that she will manage somehow to ensnare the son of somebody else of greater or less importance. Isn't it thrilling? And, Jane, the most exasperating part of it is, that the rest of us girls never so much as get a peep at all these "sons." They never show up in St. Louis, so that Julia Maffitt and Lillian Mitchell and the Morton girls and all the rest of us who are smart and nice might have a chance. But, no. 'Tis not so, Jentle Jane. They never put foot on Lindell boulevard until they are ready to "marry the girl" and everything over but the shouting. And that I consider real pathos. For list unto me—the Blackwell girls aren't a bit prettier or cleverer or—other things—than any of us. Indeed, Agnes, whom I once saw, is a fat little puddin' with a nice complexion and kind of coy ways, and Martha, who is now Mrs. Aldrich, didn't stack up any too well alongside of Carroll West and Louise Espenschied and

LADIES

Do You Value Money?

Electrolysis
Revolutionized.



Our 5 needle method will save you over 100 per cent. WE REMOVE 5 HAIRS PER MINUTE. 300 HAIRS PER HOUR. This class

of work can be had at my office only as we are the only people in the city using 5 needles.

We are saving our patients money, and doing FIVE TIMES MORE WORK PER HOUR than any other office in the city. The work is better and much more satisfactory.

Our patients insist upon having the five needle method. We use one needle on light cases or when requested.

Operators of other cities are adopting our five needle machines as fast as we can furnish them.

ELECTROLYSIS IS INDEED REVOLUTIONIZED. It is no longer necessary to sit for hours and hours and pay out small fortunes to have superfluous hair removed.

WE do it quickly, permanently, and without pain or irritation. We guarantee satisfaction.

NO operator using only one needle can remove over 75 hairs per hour and do good work. We have tried it for 18 years.

THE same number of hairs we remove costing you \$10 would cost you \$25 elsewhere.

THIS IS NO NEW PRINCIPLE.

We only use more needles at the same time.

My treatment is exactly the same as it has been for 18 years, except you get five times more work and better results for your money.

SPECIAL LINE OF WORK.

Hairs on ladies' faces, hands, arms, neck, bust, eyebrows, and forehead; MOLES, WARTS, and birthmarks; NO PAIN, NO SCARS. The hairs never return; this I always guarantee.

MISS S. N. HEROLD,
4271 Olive St.

Louise Little and a whole lot of other beauties that we've grown accustomed to. But she got the prize package, just the same. Mother thinks that Mrs. Blackwell must know some out-of-the-way summer resort where she takes her daughters every season and where the men go to fish, or something, and that she keeps it mighty quiet and then gets in a few good words. Anyhow, we are all bustin' with envy, for, as I remarked before, the Blackwell girls are making the best marriages of the period—always of course if you think Governors' and Senators' sons are worthy their parentage.

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Well, little Jule Walsh has decided to tell us at last that he's engaged to that tall young Kentucky Bell, front name being Clara. Jule went down there somewhere near Lexington last week with a lively party in his private car—lots of fizz, lots of handshaking and you know the rest—and the young lady gave a dinner and it was formally declared—just as if everybody didn't know it was all cut and dried in September, when she came up here and stayed for several weeks at the Walsh home. She can make about six of Jule. Is a whopping big girl, Jane, and built like all the Blue Grass beauties, with a splendid complexion, and fine lines. Blonde and broad-shouldered—rides like the dickens, so they say, and can punch the bag and knows everything there is to learn about athletics. Has about a million in her own right, too, which ought not to cause any hard feeling. Her father, one Bell, was perhaps the most celebrated horseman that Kentucky has known in the last two decades, and that means something, eh? He left this one daughter all his property, her mother marrying again, and now that she is twenty-one, she has inherited it. Great for Jule, isn't it? The Walshes have had a great deal of sickness this last summer. First Mrs. Walsh fell into much physical distress and spent a long time in some Eastern hospital, coming out cured and happy. Then Ellen, who is Mrs. Billy Maffitt, was desperately ill and Josephine, who married an army officer last spring, was daily expecting a call from the stork. But they all got through

Announcement . . .

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Miss A. Howorth, the well-known Modiste, is displaying, at her handsome parlors, 4653 Maryland avenue, St. Louis, an assemblage of Model Gowns and Wraps for Fall and Winter wear, that, for exclusiveness of design, beauty of finish and elegance of material is unequalled in the West. The unique innovation, inaugurated by Miss Howorth, of keeping on hand a large assortment of fine, ready-to-wear garments of her own manufacture, has proven a success in a marked degree, ladies now being able to obtain, almost at a moment's notice, a gown or wrap, for any occasion, with perfection of fit and style guaranteed. You are cordially invited to call and inspect this exquisite display.

in ship-shape and are again on deck, as it were. Mrs. Dickson Walsh, who was Jessie Kehlor, is out of mourning now and, they tell me, is going to do all kinds of lively stunts this winter. She is rather a handsome girl—very well dressed always, and Mrs. Tom Maffitt told me one day recently, that Jessie has the best lady's maid in town—simply a treasure, who does everything but breathe for Mrs. Walsh. The Dickson Walshes were in Europe this summer motor-ing with the Mersmans and Marian Lindsay. Dear Miss Lindsay got back recently. She is looking splendid and so handsome. Why on earth Bob Brookings don't buckle up or down and insist on that girl's marrying him passes my comprehension. They would be a perfectly ideal couple, to my notion, and both are rich, so no criticism might be raised on the financial question. Miss Lindsay had a good deal to do with a big bridge party arranged for charity, my dear, last week and given at the Woman's Club. Everybody went, of course, and the Skin and Cancer Hospital netted about two thousand dollars. Mrs. Lou Hayward—one of the Hopkins girls, you remember—ran the show—she is a prominent member of the board. Seems to be capable enough, but I do wish she'd get over that dissatisfied expression. I'm sure if I were married to a Hayward I'd be perfectly happy. My dearest, such an outpouring of the masses at this bridge you never saw before. The prominent merchants in town contributed prizes and their women folks turned out strong—first chance to get into that clubhouse you know—reminded me of the rush to see the Bixby House last spring, after the Kauffmans sold it, and Mrs. B. lent it for some afternoon concert or other—you couldn't get within the block by the time the concert was announced to begin—never saw such a jam in all my born days—but as

The Japanese Tea Room, Jefferson Hotel.



The most exclusive resort in St. Louis patronized only by the ultra fashionable set of society; a revelation in oriental furnishings and decorations where is served a most tempting menu of salads, broths, sandwiches, pastry, ice cream and imported confections. Six brews of tea of as many varieties and five of coffee, and many other articles that caress the palate and delight the inner creature.

Mrs. L. Kessler & Co.

CORSETIERS and IMPORTERS

519 N. Taylor Ave. (Beethoven Building.)
Bell Phone, Forest 3094.

We have just received a full line of French Batiste and Brochet, and are prepared to make Corsets to Order, after the latest French patterns.

We also have received our new French Corset, "Parfait," made and imported especially for Mrs. L. Kessler & Co.

Besides these, we carry a full stock of Domestic Corsets. Every Corset fitted by a competent Corsetier.

Prices from \$1.00 to \$25.00.

Also agent for l'irresistible front-laced Corset.

I said, we all showed up at the bridge and Mrs. Clymer got first prize, some kind of a gold-mounted mirror. Lucy Joy played, looking awfully smart in all-black with a neat little turban—I do think she has more simon-pure, unadulterated style than most any other woman in the West End, and she never makes the *faux pas* of over-dressing. Wish you could have seen a large blonde, who they told me was some Mrs. Dyer or Dwyer—anyhow, she is a recent bride, and so large as to be conspicuous—never saw such outrigging in me loife, Jane—black velvet and elbow sleeves and shoals of old lace and feathered hat with white plumes and diamond necklaces and withal, rather handsome, too. And Mrs. Mose Fraley—with

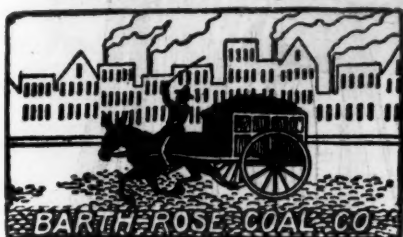
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the latest Grand Leader creation, and Bessie Green, who has actually grown thin, my dear; you never saw such improvement in "figger" in your whole life—and Mrs. Tom West, Sr., in a stunning brown velvet arrangement, she is such a refined pretty woman and my! but Tom just hands over the cash for her clothes—she is always better dressed than Carol—and I do wish you could have seen Mrs. Everitt Pattison's dinky little black hat, one of the pot-hat style, tipped right down over her nose and with three enormous white plumes rampant on the back—it was a caution—and Katherine Kerens McKenna, very stately and elegant in purple broadcloth and some lovely chinchilla—saw her chatting very friendly-like with Sadie Pierce Maffitt, who used to be her greatest chum years ago, you know, when Sam Pierce was trying hard to enlist Katherine's affections. Sadie and Katherine have not been very intimate of late, but they are both nice girls and I'm glad they are again *en rapport*, as it were. Sadie looked out of sight in lavender cloth and one of those funny mushroom hats, with feathers for the mushroom effect.

Mrs. Hirschberg showed up—she is on the board though she didn't play—in a funny sixteen-year-old hat tilted to one side and cocked at an angle of thirty-three degrees, very unbecoming. Mary Frost Hirschberg is a thoroughly nice girl, if she'd only allow people to know that is the case. I don't know a woman in St. Louis society, Jane, unless it be Mrs. Francis, who is less approachable and who might be so attractive. Frank thinks she's perfect. They are genuine lovers, even to this day. I overheard him talking to her one night at a ball last winter, and such solicitude, ducky. It quite altered my opinion of the married state.

That reminds me, the January daughter who married an Englishman—Forbes-Leith is his name—has been elevated to the peerage, or rather, her husband has been made a baronet for his services in some way or other—and, Jane, listen and exclaim while I tell you that Edith January Davis and her extravagant husband, John, actually took a whole box to themselves at the last Choral Symphony concert. I fairly gasped when I saw them. Such recklessness. And times are so hard, too! They have always doubled with the Henry Potters or the McK. Joneses in former years, and I can't begin to understand this new move. Maybe Sam Daves' new baby has something to do with it. Did I write you that Emma Whitaker Davis was the proud mother of an infant? The first! The Ted Walkers are not saying a thing, but beginning to think about layettes up at their country home near the Damerons. Lilly wears black gowns altogether now—such a sweet, pretty girl.

The Choral Symphony concert that I mentioned awhile ago was the first this winter, dear, so we all had to go, much as it hurt. Really, honey, the patient martyrdom of some husbands is worth canonizing. Tom West has stood the Symphony concerts for four years and dear old Dan Catlin and Claude Kilpatrick for about the same length of time. I imagine they find the evening very restful and I notice they always sit in the extreme rear of their boxes so as to nap unobserved. Andrew Sproule is a new victim. He showed up this year with all that bunch of daughters—including the fat, haughty one who does the family marketing. I don't know any of their names, except tall, sylph-like Martha, and I really thought his white, mutton-chop whiskers lent great dignity to that side of the house. Jane, he kept awake most all evening—'twas a fearful strain though. Anybody with half an eye could see that—and, my goodness gracious, you should have clapped your optics on Lil McNair! Mrs. Lil, everybody knows, is terribly fond of classical music and I guess understands it about as well as the rest of us, but dear old Lil, my conscience!—he sat in the Cal-

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houn box—the Dave Calhouns—very shrewd of them to enlist the McNairs—that girl does play her cards well, my dear, Marie Calhoun I mean. She is a top-notch now, and no mistake, but you should just have seen Lil get interested when the orchestra played *allegro con moto il troppo*—and all those things—you know 'em—and you know Lil.

❖

Mrs. Dave Calhoun was the beauty of the evening, all in white with some white camellias in her black hair for a fine contrast—and Irene Catlin looked out of sight, too, in green, which is a dandy color for her with her coloring—and I like the way she does her hair, down low nowadays—she's foxy, all right, no wonder the newspapers praise her so much—I saw her go out of her way to speak to a woman reporter in the foyer that night, and I wondered how many other Vandeventer place girls of her set would do the same.

❖

The Joe Bascoms are going to Cuba this winter—they may give a large ball and seven receptions before they leave, but I'm not ordering any new gowns in anticipation—they're too "near" for any use, Jane, and I wonder anybody invites them out. I believe Joe would get up and spend some of his loads of "mun" once in awhile, but Mrs. Joe, who is almost the prettiest matron in Westmoreland, except my pet, Mrs. Alex Cochran, won't let him, and always drags him off 'round the world, instead of staying home and paying her social debts. Joe, I'm convinced, is a flirt by nature. He has a kind of suspicious twinkle in his left eye that makes me think deep thoughts, whenever I see him. If you hear anything startling about me along that score just remember that I told you I was going to try my hand at inveigling him into a real "case."

❖

Sleeves are growing smaller, Jane. Mrs. Francis had on a light blue gown somewhere the other day with hardly a trace of fullness at the top though—they stood right straight out and gave her a broad effect very desirable, and I saw Mrs. Goodman King shopping yesterday in a black cloth with the same wrinkle or rather, no wrinkles at all—just a smooth fullness without the puff. Very French and awfully smart.

❖

Jane Skinker is engaged to that young Claude Mathews, who was so crazy about Virginia Wright before she married George Simmons—Jane is a darned fine girl and I hope Mathews comes up to the scratch—he has money, I hear, but then, land sakes! so have the Skinkers, and Jane don't need to hurry. She only came out last winter—but perhaps 'tis love, 'tis love—oh, rodents! Jane, why does anybody want to marry for love—which takes me back to the Blackwell triumphs and fills me plum full of jaundiced jealousy.

❖

Mrs. Ed. Robert is going out again—she has had nervous prosperity ever since her marriage, but has ordered a lot of new clothes and is chaperoning her niece, that stately Allen girl, this season—Mrs. Robert is a lovely creature, and no mistake—gosh! what a prize Ed drew, didn't he? Hope he is thoroughly alive to his blessings.

❖

There was the dearest girl here last week, Claire Kulp, playing the "lead"—that's a purely professional word, my child—to Tommie Ross in "A Fair Exchange." Oh, say, but you should see how our Blossom is blooming. For a hot house flower little Henry is doing hardy stunts.—But I started to tell you about Claire. She looks awfully young, dresses gloriously—but not actressy—is pretty as an innocent-looking, pink-cheeked child, and has a fascinating, yet reserved manner that marks her as one "to the manner born." I saw her in a shoe store with Mr. Blossom the other day, and I declare I wish

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we had more like her here in our "exclusive set." Perhaps, though, you met her at those "salon" effect teas that you wrote me about this summer, for she was in Paris then, and went with that bunch. Oh, she's intellectual right down to the ground, and athletic, too. She was graduated from the Boston University, and then hiked herself from Beans to Broadway. She's been very successful—played *Anne Boleyn* two years with Julia Marlowe in "Knighthood"—Remember how cute she was when she told on *Mary*, and every one hissed her—then she just bowed her head in a way that's made me adore *Anne Boleyn* ever since. I've never blamed Henry—Henry the VIII, I mean. And she has read something besides her own press notices,—she knows Literature from "Beowulf" down to "De Profundis." Anyway, I read that she was to play Millie James' role in a revival of "The Little Princess"—or something like that. She'll be the sweetest thing that ever happened in that little black velvet dress. So here's to her (with lemon soda)—May she lose none of her magnetism, and may she win as many laurels as she please—though it's a shame the stage claims her, instead of Society. Several of us girls met her and found her just the *dernier cri* for chic and form, and a jewel at golf and tennis.

❖❖

May Irwin is to frisk herself for us at the Century next week, and all the old bloods who remember her from Theater Comique days will renew their youth under the shower of her quips and quirks, and

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the sun of her smile. Before all funny women of the stage were, May Irwin is. She discovered, if she did not invent, the sort of touch-an-go conversation that is in effect a rapid-fire monologue, before William Collier or the Blossom play was thought of.



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May is mistress of impertinent jollying. She was the original joshier, and, worst of all, the first woman on the stage to make fun of herself. She's "wise" to the way of the world, but never salacious or coarsely suggestive. For let's not say how many years she has kept her wit and humor fresh and keen and clean, and has maintained a high place among the women of the stage. She has kept her heart young and her mind nimble. Her work has not worn on her good nature. She is much the same May Irwin she was when with her sister Flo, she was a toast of this old town, and some of our sedatest granddads were among the giddiest boys who "did" the old Comique on Saturday night. She always was the best of good fellows, and the effervescence of a company off stage no less than on. She hasn't been here in nine years, and now she will play at the Century under the management of her old friend, Pat Short. She's the only living woman who can make a cocktail, and the most graceful fat woman I ever saw. But all society women should see and hear her so as to learn how to talk the talk that tickles, the sort of talk, you know, that you get from John Drummond or Harry Turner at the Country Club.

✱
We've all been wondering for so long who'd get that peachy Grace Moon, who lives out in the Terrace, that it's a great relief to me to hear the rumor that she's to be engaged to Bob Neustadt. In fact, I understand that the engagement has gone so far

the young lady feels justified in denying it. An engagement isn't a sure thing until it has been positively denied.

✱
The weather is glorious for golf and tennis—a very late fall, darlin', and I am spending all my time at the Country Club; Bertha Semple and I are due to meet in an hour. No, Bertha is not engaged. It is Grace whom you must have meant—Bertha would be more popular with the men, if she took more pains to be agreeable—handsome but unapproachable, you know. Freezes 'em stiff. The girls all like her, though, and I think she knows how to cook. That'll be all to-day, darling.

Yours as ever,

BLUE JAY.

"The Faithless Favorite"

By W. M. R.

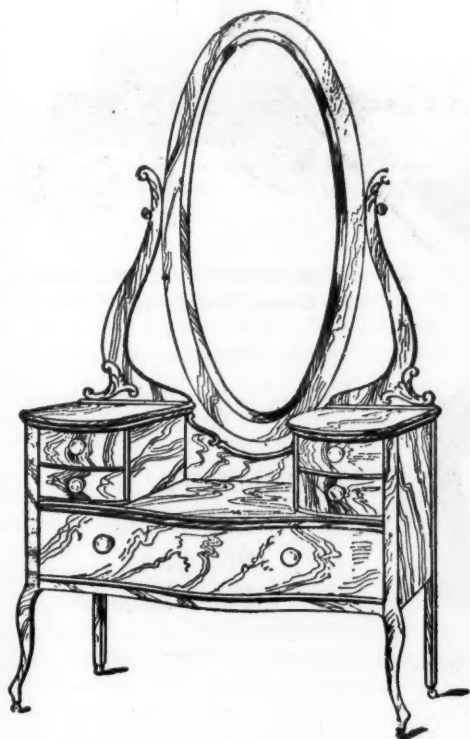
NOT many books worth noticing are printed or written in St. Louis, but to the courtesy of a friend I am indebted for a copy of a recent work written here which is a truly remarkable performance. "The Faithless Favorite; A Mixed Tragedy," is the production of Edwin Sauter, issued from "The Sign of the Leech," 1331 North Seventh street.

This is a long drama, much too long for presentation, I should say, dealing with England in the time of the early Saxons, the reign of Edgar, to be precise, I doubt if the play would, as the saying goes, act well;

but it may be read with much pleasure by any one who can read plays at all. It is extremely pleasurable, and even stimulating, to any one who has ever regaled himself with the contents of Dodsley's volumes of the earlier and greater English dramatists.

When I picked it up, mentally forewarning myself against what I might expect of another outpouring of a heart "blasted by poetic fire," I was prepared to enjoy it for its hopeless amateurishness. As I read along I found myself captured by an odd and elusive charm. What was it the play reminded me of, with its queer archaisms, its elaborate euphuisms, its startling flashes of strength, its copiousness of phrase, its use of words in obsolescently exact senses, and withal, its concentration even in discursiveness?

Ah, I had it! Either this was one of those attributed plays of Shakespeare's which we find exploited and explained away in Knight, such as "The Two Noble Kinsmen," or it was, perhaps, a forgery of Ireland's or Chatterton's. In any event if there was not the authentic tone and atmosphere of "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," it was something so very like it as to be commended for an almost complete assimilation of the brave, free, fanciful spirit of language, if not of thought. There is a robustness in the work that goes strangely well with the fancifulness above referred to and then as the play moves to its end it seems to revel in a sort of slaughterousness that you find only in the work of Webster and Ford, and sometimes Dekker, or in a higher way in Marlowe, or in



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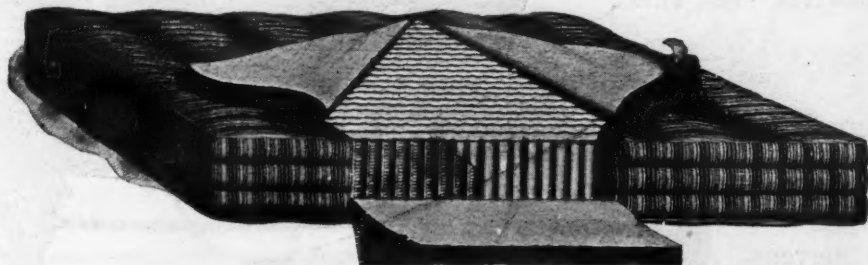
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the blood-letting of some of Shakespeare's plays drawn from Plutarch.

The author, whomsoever he may be, has evidently saturated himself in the Elizabethan drama, and has then put forth his thoughts and emotions in a language that has become practically his native tongue. He has slipped now and then into a modern mood, but it is so very rare as to be noticeable. Yet he has not copied his phrases from the older dramatists. This is no mosaic constructed ingeniously by a mnemonic feat. It is not a patchwork affair. It is smooth and fluent and natural to a fascinating degree, and the language lures you along with a distinct trace of the charm of succinct or full-charged speech which is the sign of the Elizabethans. In some respects, I venture the opinion that this performance ranks higher as a *tour de force*—if we may call it so—than Richard Hengist Horne's "Marlowe." Landor has not done so continuously well in his Shakespearean reconstructions, and Andrew Lang would rejoice in it as of a piece with his remarkable work in his "Letters to Dead Authors." I would not dub it an imitation for indeed the language flows with a spontaneity that is the chief secret of the reader's bewilderment of intellectual pleasure. One is tempted to slap his thigh and say, "Here's a real big thing—a new poet," time and again. Indeed, one would say it right out were it not that when he comes to the lyrics with which the drama is interspersed he finds a great fall. If the drama were of the true Elizabethan stuff the lyrics would sing. They don't. They are stiff and dry. They are the work of a man who is no poet such as you would expect in the author of the blank verse of this drama. If the lyrics were as good as the blank verse appears to be—why, the reader might almost hope that in Edwin Sauter, the West, the larger England, had found its Shakespeare—supposing, of course, that our—the larger England's—Shakespeare, would go back to Will of Avon's style—which he wouldn't, for he would write for all time in the language of this, his own age.

The dramatist is clearly "a character," as we say.

He interpolates himself in his play whimsically. His prologue is a whimsical affair, and his postface and epilogue are a strong comment on his own work in which he nails with sureness every defect of the work. He hits himself plump on the nose in every suggestion of his imaginary critic, down even to the assertion of the unpoeticality of his lyrics. This writer has a dry wit, and an unctuous humor. He has a turn for philosophy, too, and he goes to the roots of things with an amazing directness. I should say that he is a German, or, at least, of German descent; and has studied his earlier English in German works on the early English authors. Thus it is that you'll find the intelligent German student knows and appreciates his "Bæwulf," his "Chaucer," his "Pier's Plowman," more thoroughly than any Englishman, barring, perhaps Prof. Skeat, the editor of "Chaucer." Particularly effective is he in the handling of the coarse discourse, the oafish sort of the common speech. His good, blunt Anglo-Saxonisms are refreshing. When he voices the common vulgar he does it after the Elizabethan manner, but without any dwelling upon it for its own sake. His brief expositions of lewdness or lubricity in the dialogue—mere flashes, so to say—are savored with a real wit and pertinency. His women are not well grappled. Evidently he is a misogynist to a degree. He can't help jeering at them, even in critical situations in the drama. *Elfrida* and *Rowena*, for all that, are important factors in the play, and now and again they speak and act with that certain sufficiency and perfect appositeness and natural inconsequence which is the characteristic of women's emotional, invincible, illogical logicity or logical illogicality. Several of his scenes are splendidly splashed with purple patches which, if not of the real Tyrian tinge, are not tawdry and bedraggled. His high words are not, by any means, to be ranked as fustian. His kings talk somewhat as kings should talk, and his zany *Redwald* has a remote resemblance—remote, I said—to the *Fool* in "Lear." Once more let me say that there is no trace of direct slavish copying. He has built up in his *Offa* a wicked monk who might have

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Time and Place of Meetings and the Subjects to be Discussed Follow:

November 10—8 p. m., St. Louis Turnverein, 1508 Chouteau avenue, Dr. Chas. Weinsberg, chairman. Subject: "French Revolution of 1789."

November 17—8 p. m., St. James Memorial Church, Goode and Cote Brillante avenues, Rev. Dr. E. Duckworth, Pastor. Subject: "Sources of Public Corruption."

November 18—8 p. m., Educational Alliance, Ninth and Carr streets; Subject: "Burns, Poet, Man, Reformer."

November 19—8 p. m., Society of Soul Culture, Henneman Hall, 3723 Olive street; Subject: "The Psychology of Economics."

November 20—8 p. m., public meeting of the Carpenters' Unions of East St. Louis at City Hall. Subject: "How to Avoid Strikes."

November 21—2 p. m., Congregational Church, Webster, St. Louis County. Subject: "Burns, Man, Poet and Reformer."

November 21—8 p. m., joint meeting of Local Electrical Workers' Unions, Nos. 1, 2, 50, 59, 128, 309, 367, 462, at Lightstone's Hall, Eleventh and Franklin; Subject, "Initiative and Referendum."

No Admission Fee. Public Invited to Attend.

stepped out of Ford's Italian drama. Some of the scenes towards the end are ultra-romantic, or *rococo*. The dog bearing in his mouth the bundle containing the deserted *Rowena's* baby, and dropping it in the *denouement* at the feet of *Athelwold's* bride, *Elfrida*, is a piece of the grotesque-horrible that is essentially Elizabethan. *Athelwold's* role is that of the man sent by the king to woo *Elfrida* for the king, who woos and wins her himself, though formerly wedded to

Important Announcement to Parents Regarding School Children's Eyes.

Dr. Johnston of Washington, D. C., enumerates a large number of cases of the effect of school life on the eyesight, the frequency of headaches and resulting sleeplessness, affecting in some instances from thirty-eight per cent to forty-eight per cent of the children, and he instances the experiences of the Cleveland Public High School, where twenty-five per cent of the girls and eighteen per cent of the boys had been compelled to withdraw in one year for various reasons, mostly on account of bad health, chiefly due to eye-strain.

Dr. Cronin, Chief of the Division of School Inspection of the New York Department of Health, reports the examination of 7166 school children in New York City in 1905, showing a total of 2374, more than thirty-three per cent, who were suffering from defective eyesight, interfering with the pursuit of their studies.

Dr. Gould of Philadelphia writes: "The greater the number of school hours demanded by a nation of the children, the greater is the number of child-suicides, and especially where, as in Saxony, the correction by glasses of the small optical errors upon which the troubles of eye-strain chiefly depend is scorned."

It is an absurdly low estimate to place the proportion of the seventeen million of American school children, students, etc., whose characters and health are being injured, or positively ruined, by eye-strain at ten per cent. Myopia increases with each added year of school study, and Myopia usually means the eye-ball stretching from lack of proper glasses. The "nervous," the "backward," the "stupid" and "unhealthy" pupil is usually so from eye-strain. The State has no right to demand that every child should attend school without also stipulating that its eyes shall be made capable for study.

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poor Rowena. A reminiscence of "Paolo and Francesca," or of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," but hardly that, since the incident is worked out with much original skill. Indeed *Athelwold's* indecision of character, his drift into evil actions, his duality of entity—good balancing bad, but allowing the bad to triumph through sheer indolence, is not un-Hamlet-like, and yet not unlike *Tito Malema* in George Eliot's "Romola." This play is full of stuff so good that it surprises you at the end that it isn't of the highest best. It is efflorescent in a siccant fashion. It is brilliant, yet not sun-like in its shine. The play lacks the unguent that gives a pliancy to the real Elizabethan play. The language is resilient, but it is not supple.

To this truly remarkable performance Mr. Sauter has affixed a collection of original apothegms which he calls "Schediasm." They are good—most of them touched with Teutonism, with a tinge of sality that is seemingly part of the *religio medici* of the author. The man is a thinker and an "original." Doubtless his friends regard him as a crank. But I think him very, very near to the greatest thing a man can be—without being good in the generally accepted sense of goodness—a poet. I've read his play through twice, and it teases me to it again with that weird suggestion all through it of just hovering on the edge of a tremendous burst of genius. I think he's a poet—even if he can't write lyrics like "Hark, Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings." I turn back to the page containing the dedication of this drama, and I find this:

*To the memory of things beautiful;—
The ghosts of dead dreams and failures—
Things that have never come,
And things that have grown in vain.*

There's something in this verse that speaks the book which follows, with a pathos inescapable. It's a *suspiria de profundis*, staccato—incomplete—apos-

iopisic; something of "the little broken laugh that spoils a kiss," something of that sense of defeat which inevitably comes to the one who has tried for the supremest heights and fallen back, foiled by the old agony of inability to put the thoughts that seem to reach the stars into utterance. A wonderful book in its eerie fashion is this—"The Faithless Favorite"—and I care not what other critics may say to the contrary. There are some, doubtless, who will laugh at it. There were some probably, who laughed at Tantalus in Hell. Sisyphus at his task, Prometheus on his rock, "Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel." There were some who laughed at Lamb's flutter and stutter. There were those who jeered at Keats and one, we know, made answer to the cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani," with the jibing sneer "He calls upon Elias." They are always with us—but not for them the

— memory of things beautiful;—
The ghosts of dead dreams and failures—
Things that have never come,
And things that have grown in vain.

The Red Draught

By Ernest McGaffey

"MAME" GRANT was nearly seventeen. She was tall for her age, and some people considered her pretty. She was neat in her dress, and particularly solicitous about her black hair, which she curled and crimped in the latest fashion always. "Mame" worked at Hatzfield's. A lot of the girls she knew worked there. And some of the "fellows." She had to be down at half-past seven in the morning, and her work was finished for the day at six o'clock.

It was hard, monotonous work, in the candy factory, cutting up caramel into strips, laying chocolate

drops in pans, wrapping up candy in little squares of oiled paper, washing pans, and doing a hundred little odds and ends of things. There was never a minute to rest, for the foreman was always "rubbering" around to see that everyone was on the jump.

At noon she sat in the window-sills with the other girls and they ate the lunches they brought down with them, and laughed and talked and flirted carelessly with some of the fellows across the street who worked in Brown, Hardaway & Co's big wholesale house. They never followed these harmless little exchanges any further, and the Hardaway crowd understood perfectly that they were not to presume on the semi-acquaintance thus established. At least they understood it after "Butch" White had proceeded to "knock the block" off of an entry clerk who tipped his hat to one of the Hatzfield girls at the elevated station, in a crude attempt to "make a mash," as "Butch" put it.

At home "Mame" gave three dollars of the fifty she earned at the candy factory to her mother. Her car-fare cost her sixty cents a week, and she usually bought "the kids," as she called her small brother and sister, some such thing as stockings, shoes, or other necessity, every few weeks. A little of the pittance she brought away of a Saturday night she kept to dress herself with, and occasionally for a peep at a "ten-twenty-thirt," show, as they termed the vaudeville entertainments.

There were two or three Social Clubs in town which numbered among their members quite a sprinkling of the Hatzfield employees. Every once in a while one of these clubs would give a dance. "Mame" used to attend these dances, and being a "swell pivoter," as the phrase went, (pivoting being waltzing) she was in constant demand as a partner.

Sometimes she got home terribly late from these parties. At first it was before twelve when she turned the knob to her room. Then it got to be one o'clock, two o'clock, and once nearly three before her

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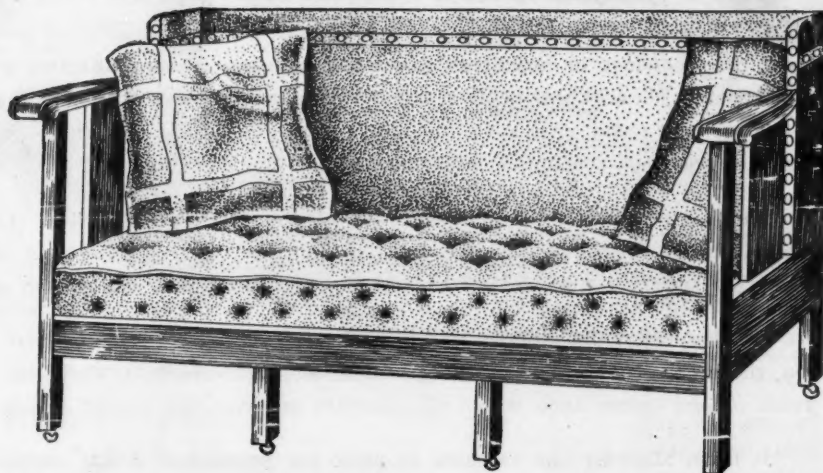
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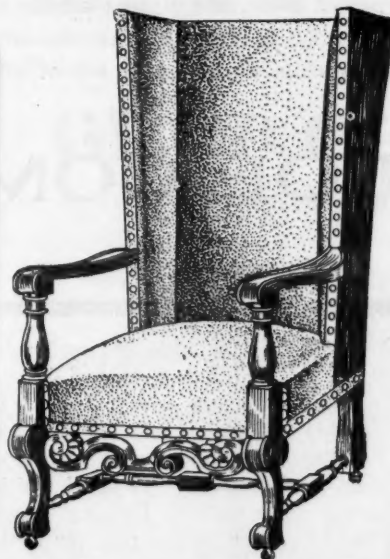
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tired head pressed the pillow. "Dad," otherwise "Buck" Grant, the head of the house, "raised Cain about it."

"What time'd you get in last night?" he queried angrily, the morning after the occasion of her last ball?

"'Bout twelve, I guess" replied "Mame" airily, pouring her milk into the cup of Sunday morning coffee.

"'Bout h—l," was her father's bitter response. "You'd better shut off on them balls. I'm goin' to lock up from now on, and if you ever come in at daylight—remember—you don't git in at all." "You're fixin' to end up like that Anderson piece, ain't you?" he added, ferociously.

"Mame" darted a defiant glance at her paternal ancestor. But she was too wise to measure words with him. He had his saloon "bunch," she knew. Didn't they sit there nearly all night playing cards for the drinks? Didn't he go to the bowling alley Saturday nights? She guessed she'd have a little fun, too. She worked as hard as he did. He had threatened to "lick" her once. He'd better try it. He'd never see her inside the house again. The Anderson girl? Oh! yes, the Anderson girl had drank carbolic acid because her father had shut her out of the house one morning when she came home from a ball. All this flashed through her mind as her father glowered over the Sunday paper.

Two weeks after this talk, "The Flimflammers"

gave their second ball of the season. The hall was crowded. Girls fifteen and sixteen years old sat at tables and drank beer, whiskey, cock-tails and wine, with young men and boys, and afterwards, half staggering, twirled in the mazes of the waltz or the two-step. "Mame" was there, and for the third time in her social career, she was drinking. She had begun by sipping a little wine, and she had ended by drinking two or three cock-tails. She was in a reckless mood. So were some of the other girls.

The music of the violins shrilled through the air and there was light, license, and abandon in every phase of the garish scene. After a waltz in which the girl scarcely remembered her partner dragging her about the room, she found herself in a back room with another one of the Hatzfield factory girls, and with two young fellows importuning them to take a ride. The next thing she remembered, in a hazy and uncertain way, was that the four were in a hack. After that there was a glimmering sense of taking more drinks, and then, grey and menacing swept in the dawn.

She was in a back room of a saloon. She staggered to her feet and looked about her. Not a soul was there. A sense of tragedy enveloped her blackly. She felt her face and hair blankly. What was it? A hidden fear clutched at her heart. She rushed to the door, and found it unlocked. Half-dazed she got into the street. The street name gleamed coldly from a corner lamp-post. She knew now where she was. One—two—three—nine blocks from home.

Her way home was like one walking in a dream. She saw familiar signs, but now they had no meaning for her. Apart from her physical self, horror walked by her side, and torturing memories, half-distinctly revealed rose up and seared her brain.

She reached the steps of her house and sat down. It was early morning and everything about the corner was deserted. It was too early for even the hucksters to be stirring with their ram-shackle carts and raucous cries. The milkman had not yet come. And her father! He was asleep yet, and would not waken for an hour, at least. The chill and ghostly mist of a slow-coming dawn muffled the surrounding buildings in an unearthly pallor. Gradually the girl's mind became clearer. Incidents came more vividly to her mind, pictures were etched with even more vitriolic lines on her memory.

She did not even try the door to see if it was locked. The defiance of two weeks before had been replaced by an active despair, a sudden prescience of fate. She fumbled at her dress blindly. In the folds, inside, there was a bottle. It had been sewed in, and she drew her dress up and gnawed at the thread until it was loosened. The bottle came out in her clutched hand. She pulled out the cork and raised the bottle to her lips. A pungent odor rose from its neck. Turning the bottle up with a quick gesture she drained a long draught of the contents.

With a gurgling, choking cry she crumpled up on the cold board steps. It was the red draught of death.

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I admire your literary articles immensely. They have a real touch and are full of life and brilliancy.—Richard La Gallienne.

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New Books

Walter G. Cooper, Secretary of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, has had a peep at the millennium and in his very interesting book, "The Fate of the Middle Classes," he tells us what's going to be the result of all the economic problems that now vex and harass the whole human family. It is not a dreary outlook either. Though it may be many moons before the theory of Mr. Cooper is an established fact, one cannot help indulging in some pleasant reflections that are aroused by his optimism. Mr. Cooper sees the fundamental, economic disturbance, over-production, which comes like a thief in the night, abated or restrained through a great confederacy of industries, and he thinks he sees in the present day trusts, the first symptoms or signs that this evolutionary serum is at work in this direction. He admits that trusts of to-day are not yet fitted for a share in the great task, but he thinks their managers and officers will be wearing halos when they are ready and that honest men and women will toss their money over to them in exchange for stock, and as an evidence of gratitude and trustfulness in the trust and the work it is doing to prevent hard times. Mr. Cooper does not think such a confederation or Clearing House will work out perfectly, but he believes it could figure approximately the size of the demand and regulate production accordingly, through an interchange of views and knowledge of the representatives of all industries. Being thus able to determine what supply to turn out, they could, he says, meet the demand and then allow their employees to go to work on some other article or commodity for which there is greater demand. This means that employees would have to be master of several trades in order to guard against being out of employment, and Mr. Cooper thinks this alone would tend toward better times and citizenship. The wise farmer, he points out, has seen the necessity for diversified crops, and if it's good for him why shouldn't it be good for the workman? The farmer now raises diversified crops because of his aggravated losses, in the failure to remuneratively dispose of the all-wheat or all-corn crop in the past. And isn't a mechanic's trade the same as the farmer's crop? On the other phases of the labor question, the author sees the progress towards a working understanding between capital and labor, since both have now become strongly organized, and even if they should get together and strikes still occur, he believes the consumer will eventually be organized to meet the situation and demand protection of his rights thereby probably helping to avert panics. Mr. Cooper does not venture a guess as to when this era will be ushered in, but his theory is quite convincingly put and his book is well worth perusal, because of the general bearing of the subject on many important public questions to-day. (Consolidated Retail Booksellers, New York.)

There is scarcely anyone educated and uneducated whose diction isn't faulty in more or less degree. Certain words have been misused or mispronounced and phrases inappropriately or incorrectly applied, so long that many persons consider the improper form correct and continue in error, much perhaps to their detriment in life. It is to set such persons right in their daily business or social speech that Thomas H. Russell, LL. B., editor-in-chief of Webster's dictionary, has compiled his valuable vest pocket guide to correct speech, entitled, "Faulty Diction or Errors in the Use of the English Language and How to Correct Them." This little book contains 149 pages of valuable



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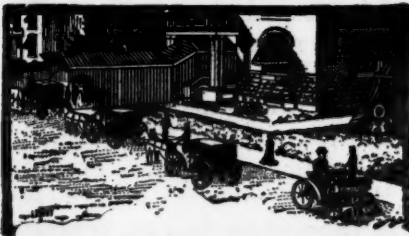
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scholarly information on the subject, including illustrations of the correct and incorrect usage of a long list of words and popular phrases. The contents are simple and brief and show at a glance what they are intended to convey. This useful contribution to grammar and orthography is published by George W. Ogilvie and Company of Chicago; price, according to binding, 50 cents and 25 cents.

Have you ever heard of the Menehunes of Hawaii? If you haven't, you will read with all the more interest, the little storyette Emily Foster Day has written of them, their adventures with the fisherman, and how they stand guard over the forests of majestic trees and all other growing plants in Hawaii. And you will regret that the great forests of America have no such care-takers as these active little folks. It's a simple tale, is "The Menehunes," but it is full of pretty fancy, and it preaches a doctrine much needed—that of tree preservation. The Menehunes, whenever the woodsman plies his ax unnecessarily, are quick to restore to life the fallen monarch and to replace it in the earth, much to the disgust of the ax-man. But for a worthy purpose they are ever ready to sacrifice a tree if need be. The story is quaint and its illustrations and binding in keeping with its general tone. (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, Publisher; price 50 cents).

Another unique book, one that is instructive as well as entertaining, is "An Alphabet of History," done in verse by Wilbur D. Nesbit, illustrated by Ellsworth Young and produced with an artistic touch by Paul Elder and Company, of San Francisco. It doesn't pretend to give the history of the world, but presents in rhyme the important incidents in the lives of 26 of the world's greatest folks, such as Alexander the Great, Zenobia, Empress of Palmyra, Brutus, Yvetot, Christopher Columbus, Xantippe, betrothed of Socrates, Diogenes and Euripides, and the poets Villon and Omar. It's just the thing to put in the hands of the youthful pupil that he may fix these various historical facts firmly in his memory. The tone is humorous. Price, 75 cents net.

All the little ones and not a few of the grown ups who have delighted in the simple pleasing narrative style and keen plot interest of Mrs. Edith Ogden Harrison's "juvenile" short stories will delight in her latest story "The Moon Princess," which is a more pretentious effort to captivate her large clientele. "The Moon Princess" is a departure for the author, in that it is a long story, but it is pitched in the same key of simplicity and possesses the same lively action characteristic of her previous works. It tells of the love of the moon Princess for an earthly Knight, and how she sacrificed her noble birthright to become an earth maiden and the bride of her beloved. It's a story that both boys and girls will enjoy. It is handsomely illustrated in colors, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, and artistically printed and bound by A. C. McClurg & Company, of Chicago. From the same house and of equal beauty and interest to juveniles, comes the "Face in the Pool," another delightful fairy tale of love and adventure by J. Allen St. John. This volume is also beautifully illustrated in colors. Either or both should prove valuable presents for youngsters.

"Louisiana," the latest historical volume in the "American Commonwealth Series," instituted by the Houghton-Mifflin Publishing Company, of New York, has just been issued. Al-

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LOCUST

bert Phelps, of New Orleans, is the historian, and he has produced a volume, in which the various epochs in the State's history are broadly treated, but no important events slighted. It's a running commentary upon the history of the lower Mississippi Valley in which all have stood long in need. Its price is \$1.10.

"Love," a dainty mosaic essay, compiled from the writings of the master minds of the world, past and present, comes from the press of Paul Elder and Company, of San Francisco. Mr. Elder did the compiling and he has wrought well and deftly. He gives us the views of Jesus Christ and many of his followers on supreme and divine love, and draws upon the best authors and thinkers of the world for their analysis of everyday human and maternal love, constancy and reward. It is quite a library treasure, this little brochure, and it is ever interesting to pore over its contents and delight in the philosophy of the geniuses of other days. This brochure is a companion to several others that have gone before on the subjects of "Friendship," "Happiness," "Nature" and "Success." Price, including postage, \$1.10. Another brochure from the same publisher, one which arouses the pleasantest desires for epicurean thrills, is entitled, "101 Entrees." It is a gustatory classic by May E. Southworth, one of a series of several polite cook books, in which any caterer or chef should revel. The most appetizing way to prepare and serve oysters, fish, meat, game, fowl, vegetables, sweets, etc., is given; and each pamphlet has an appendix for manuscript notes; price in flexible paper cover, 50 cents, exclusive of postage; in canvas boards, \$1.00.

Charlotte Grace Sperry in her "Teddy Sunbeam," a book of household fables, peculiarly interesting to the little girls, has done for the broom, the spoon, the dishes and clothes and every object in the home what has been done for the inanimate in other realms by fairy tale writers, but she has done it more delicately and instructively. Here we find all these household objects quaintly personified, doing and saying things and trooping through the most delightful stories in parable. *Teddy Sunbeam* is the hero. He shines like magic on everything and into everything, producing startling transformations and delightful pictures. The stories are told in a simple, pleasing style, are bright and appropriate for children. Price, including postage, \$1.10.

From A. C. McClurg and Company comes one of the first Christmas cards, bearing an appropriate song, "Christmas Bells," written by Mary Drummond and illustrated by Louise M. Gibson Pratt.

The Magazines

"The Market Place," a new magazine, published at Newark, N. J., has a wide and heretofore uncultivated field, one in which it can be of great value. It is devoted purely to business—business of all kinds, the world over—its past, present and future, and anything akin to it on the side. The fourth number has just been issued, and it's wide awake, containing fifteen pages of matter which will prove of general interest to merchants and professional men. Among the interesting articles are: "The Wages of Talent," by B. Stone; "The Executive German," by Ellis, and "Are Storekeepers too Modest?" by H. N. Casson. "The Executive German" will be found doubly interesting, since it shows the steps that have been taken in the Faderland to stamp out the paler, petty forms of

bribery in business, and to regulate fire, closing out, dissolution and bankrupt sales. Eltwed Pomeroy is one of the editors of "The Market Place."

Did She Accept or Reject Him?

She was standing on a Westport corner waiting for a car when he stopped to chat with her. The subject of engagements came up. "A girl friend of mine once had an awful experience," said she. Kate had been receiving the attentions of a young man, whom I'll call Tom, for several years. Two or three times he had asked her to marry him, but she had withheld her answer. One day he was appointed to a position in an Eastern city. That night he called on Kate and asked her again to marry him.

"I need a little time to think it over," she said.

"I leave to-morrow," said Tom.

"Well, to-morrow night I'll mail you a letter giving you my answer," said Kate. Tom went away and the next day left the city. Kate thought the matter over until late in the night. Then she decided upon a plan. She would write two letters to Tom, seal them, address and stamp them. They would look exactly alike. One would accept his proposal and the other would reject it. She would place them in the pocket of her coat, go to a train, and, just as it started she would throw one letter aboard the mail car without trying to see which it was. Kate carried out her plan. She went to the Union depot and just as an eastbound train started threw one letter aboard, then she rushed back into the depot and opened the other letter to see how fate had decided it for her. With a scream she dropped into a seat and almost fainted.

At this point the car stopped and the girl stepped aboard. "Did she accept him?" asked the man on the corner as the car started.

The girl replied, but her words were drowned by the rumble of the car.—*Kansas City Star.*

The Place With Society

Ladies, have you seen that dear of a cozy spot, the Japanese tea room, at the Jefferson Hotel? It's just the loveliest, dreamiest and smartest place in all St. Louis or any other place, for that matter, to drop in for a little chat and snack or two of exquisitely prepared luncheon. It's not for the crowd, but for St. Louis' ultra-fashionable set, and they enjoy it immensely. It is the most exclusive resort in the city. Beautifully furnished, with a fidelity to the best ideas, in oriental arts and crafts; it is the spot for a *tete a tete* or a rest before or after the matinee, or when driving or autoing downtown. It's just the place to entertain a visitor or guest, to teas or luncheons. And the menu—it is dainty and wholesome, in keeping with the style of the apartment. Coffee and tea of several brews each, sandwiches, salads, pastry, ices, imported confections and sweets, everything, in fact, necessary to a light luncheon, can be obtained. All who patronize this pretty establishment enjoy themselves immensely while there. It's good for both inner and outer creatures.

B. B.

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CONSUMPTION

The reader of these lines may have noticed the numerous articles which have lately appeared in the daily papers telling of the wonderful success of the Bensonizer Inhalation Treatment for tuberculosis.

These articles contained accounts of the experiments conducted on a charitable basis by a doctor who was an Inspector of the New York City Board of Health. This doctor selected 100 cases of consumption in the tenement district where consumption rages like a pestilence among the poor people, and treated them with the Bensonizer. The majority were successfully treated and enabled to go back to their daily work; others are fast improving, and of the entire 100 cases, only one died. This was such a wonderful showing that the daily press chronicled it from one end of the country to the other.

The treatment which has made such a remarkable record can be taken at home by anyone. The Bensonizer is a medical apparatus which transposes into dry, air-like vapor, certain oils which are healing, antiseptic and germicidal in their nature. This medicated vapor, or air, is inhaled through a tube attached to the Bensonizer, and the work it accomplishes is something marvelous. The medicated air is breathed in and penetrates the remotest air cells, killing the tubercle bacilli or germs, allowing nature to complete the cure by healing the cavities or sore spots. There is nothing disagreeable about the treatment, it is pleasant and even delightful to take, and relief being experienced in the first few inhalations, the feeling of tightness and soreness in the chest leaves, the cough loosens, the phlegm comes up without effort, the stomach relieved of the strain put upon it by the constant coughing spells, becomes stronger, and is able to digest food; increased easiness in breathing rests the heart, the pulse beats stronger and fuller, a sensation of complete relief and comfort fills the entire being, and the sufferer himself realizes the improvement in his condition, and feels himself getting well. No drugs are taken into the stomach to ruin the digestion, no strong tonics or stimulants to create a false feeling of health, no hypodermic injections to deaden the sensibilities. It is just a common sense principle of treatment which restores the sufferer to health. No matter how advanced the case may be, there is always hope with the Bensonizer treatment.

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CATARRH.

Each requires special treatment and different fluids are used for each disease. With the Bensonizer, the sufferer is enabled to fill the nose, throat and bronchial tubes with warm, medicated air, coating the walls of the air passages with the vapor, which is soothing, healing and antiseptic. Inflamed mucous membranes are relieved, swellings reduced, and within a short time normal conditions restored. The danger with these diseases is in delaying treatment—consumption often setting in before the sufferer realizes it. There is nothing so effective in treating these diseases as the Bensonizer, and we will furnish names of many who have been cured on request.

The price is moderate and terms are made to suit everyone. We want every sufferer to send for our large illustrated book, which is free—a postal card will do. Do not give up hope until you have investigated the Bensonizer and the wonderful work it is doing. Send us the names of your friends who are suffering with any of the diseases named—you will be doing them an everlasting service. Full particulars will be given you free by mail.

To those who call a demonstration of the treatment will be given free of charge.

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THE ST. LOUIS SCHOOL AND MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS 19th and Locust St.
Art Department of Washington University. HALSEY C. IVES, Director.

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Theatrical

Mrs. Wiggs.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is, one might say, old to St. Louisans—it has been here two or three times—but its incandescent humor and natural pathos are a welcome relief from the musical "cocktail," "frappe," "melange," *et al.*, that we have been so copiously regaled with. Better "Mrs. Wiggs" old than the musical show "fresh." There is something earthy in the former, the latter is generally a "dream," and a bad "dream" at that. There is another reason why "Mrs. Wiggs" is preferred. It is a woman's show; clever women are its principals. "Mrs. Wiggs" is at the Olympic this week with Madge Carr Cook in the title role. Mrs. Cook is clever and magnetic. She has the faculty of making her mood fit her epigram. She is not a studied optimist. She was born that way, like the original Mrs. Wiggs, and that gives force to the quaint, sound philosophy of the queen of the cabbage patch. Just a little more of the kind of sentiment Mrs. Cook purveys and there'd be no need for Tom Johnson's Anti-Suicide Commission. And perhaps, if there were more actresses with the same degree of talent as Miss Helen Lowell, the freak musical show wouldn't be so numerous. Miss Lowell's *Mis' Hazy*, is about as nearly perfect as is possible for human effort. She is the typical old maid, whose years of matrimonial hopelessness are so heavy upon her that not even her approaching marriage can illumine her gloomy view of life. Miss Lowell is funny enough to make even "that Indian laugh." She certainly had her sisters in the audience Sunday night sparring for breath between laughs. Hers is a finished piece of work, as is also Bessie Barriscale's "Lovey Mary," Helen Raymond's cross patch, Mrs. Eichorn, and Anna Fields' censorious German neighbor, Mrs. Schultz. Nora Shelby hasn't much to do but look pretty, spic and span, and do a little love stunt, and she does it gracefully. May McManus also does her minor part in a manner that is full of promise for the future and the little girls in the production, Jeannette Finlay and Bessy Burt, are equally clever juveniles. Charles Carter has the chief male role, that of Mr. Stubbins, the affianced of *Mis' Hazy*, and he depicts the before and after effects of certain kinds of matrimony with more fidelity than the manufacturer of a hair restorative or a wart eraser does his own invention. Mr. Carter is in the right spot as the man who falls to the matrimonial bureau agent, and is disillusioned by biscuit. Oscar Eagle plays the part of Mr. Wiggs, the long lost, and does it—we'll say, satisfactorily. Argyle Campbell, Howard Sloat and Thurston Hail give creditable support in their respective parts.

The Maid and the Mummy.

With some new Carlisms infused here and there, "The Maid and Mummy," at the Century, has, perhaps, as much excuse for its return to St. Louis as any of the other veterans that have been coming our way lately. "The Maid and Mummy" is now quite frosty; you can get anything out of "The Maid and the Mummy," from cold feet to an epitaph, or both. But when one realizes he can't help himself, and, perhaps, the theater management may be in the same boat, it's possible to see something good in "The Maid and the Mummy." There are some artists in the cast, and the music is well worth hearing. Fred Warren, the mummy; George Beane, the elixir of life scientist; Stanley Murphy, the irrepressible Scotch detective; Edward Groh, the kissing bug from Brazil, and Frank Smiley, the ex-theatrical manager, keep shifting the mantle of "principal" from one to another throughout the performance, and May Bailey, as the ego-

tistical leading lady; Janet Priest, as the street urchin; Rose Walker as the old maid, and Janet Priest as daughter to the elixir scientist, are not by a long shot distanced by their male colleagues. All actors and actresses, manage to stay the limit. So does the audience.

Fantana.

The St. Louis Sanitary Officer should suppress the nuisance at the Garrick this week and the Probation Officer ought to nail Jefferson de Angelis. He's vicious. This might clear the "Fantanaized" atmosphere and make the locality fit for habitation.

"York State Folks" is being presented at the Grand by a capable company and before large audiences. The play is a favorite with the Grand patrons, and with a new set of scenery, its presentation is given added brilliancy. Nearly all the original members of the company are in the cast. James Lackaye is the principal. He plays the proud village boss with considerable force and precision. Ray L. Royce, in the role of the country organist, does some effective acting. Likewise Harry Crosby, Randolph Currie, George Mahare, Arthur W. Gregory and Sam J. Burton. A clever set of young women are Misses Millie Stevens Eleanor Lidman, Virginia Ackerman, Grace Russell and Ethel Johnson. The impressive scene of the production is that presenting the village church with a vested boys' choir.

Mr. King Baggott, a St. Louisan who was favorably known here in amateur theatricals for several years before making his professional debut, is the principal in this week's Imperial attraction, "She's More to be Pitied than Scorned." The play is one of the "heart interest" stories. It concerns the daughter of a clergyman, who, regardless of the church's antipathy for the stage, and its devotees, secretly weds the leading man of a theatrical compa-

ny. Later through the envy and jealousy of two members of the theatrical company, a separation results, and there is much sorrow and many trials before the tragedian's good offices bring the lovers together again. Mr. Baggott assumes the role of the leading man, and with Miss Pauline Fletcher as the minister's daughter, makes a very good impression. Both give promise of triumphs yet to come in their profession. Mr. Walter Wilson, as *Garrick Gaunt*, the intermediating tragedian, is a pleasing actor, and Mr. John Lockney and Miss Ella Cameron as the trouble-makers, render excellent support. Other capables in the cast are Messrs. Lou Haskel, Charles W. Sutton, George Ovey, James Brooks, Misses Louise Horner, Marie West and Grace McVeigh.

There is plenty of the spice of variety in this week's Standard attraction, "Williams' Ideal Burlesquers." The performance opens with a two-act sketch, "Everyday Life," which is an uproariously funny burlesque. Frank O'Brien leads in this part of the show, presenting the extremely exaggerated Hebrew character, *Rubber Ike*, a tramp. Al. Gruet's travesty on *Sherlock Holmes* is also well done, and the bas relief poses provided by Jean Marcel, who employs a number of the members of the Williams company is sufficiently novel and remarkable to excite storms of applause. The other features of the show are in keeping with these, and on the whole, it is one of the best attractions at the Standard this season.

"Lady Teazer," a pretty fair travesty, with a large element of burlesque comedy, is the opening feature of the Rentz-Santley Burlesquers show at the Gayety this week. In addition there is a big vaudeville bill, including Carr and Jordan in a vocal travesty act; Hawthorne, Burt and Brath, eccentric comedians; Claus and Montez, singers and dancers; Lew Welch, Hebrew, im-

personator; Cornalia and Eddy, acrobatic and juggling comedians, and others.

Following two costumes plays, splendidly rendered by the German Stock Company at the Odeon, the offering next Sunday night will be another of those enjoyable musical farces, which draw large houses and delight the laughter-loving. The name of the farce is "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," (Full of Fun and Full of Sadness). The title indicates that laughter and tears are happily mingled, with the balance in favor of the former. This farce has never been given in America, and the Odeon's German stock will lay down the model for other German companies in this country. The cast is large and the song birds will have plenty to do, especially Emilie Schoenfeld, Hans Kissling, Max Hanisch, Gustav Hartzheim, Frida Kahle and Fritz Beese. Director Heinemann will be in the cast in one of his particularly fitting parts. He will also stage the farce and place the cast. The first production of this new farce will soon be followed by a splendid revival of Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat), which should draw a large crowd of Germans and Americans to the Odeon, for "The Bat" is one of the leading comic operas, and seldom given in this country. Impresario Conried produced it for his benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York last season, and rolled in over \$25,000 for the revival. For early production the management announces "Das neue Gebot" (The New Commandment), and "Die Bruecker von St. Bernhard," (The Monks of St. Bernhard), two important novelties.

For next Wednesday night the management announces a production with an all-star cast of Sudermann's "Ehre" (Honor), one of the greatest of the problem plays from the pen of this eminent author.

Coming Attractions.

Mrs. Fisk, supported by the strong Manhattan Theater Company, will open



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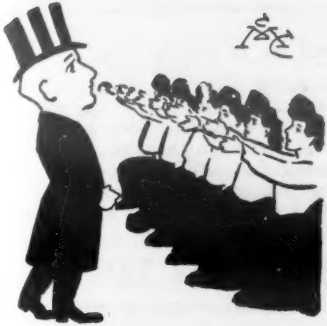
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\$21.50 to \$125.00

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Lesser priced furs of very superior grade as low as \$1.50 for Edgton French Lynx boas.

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CLOAKS & FURS



a week's engagement at the Garrick next Monday night, presenting "Leah Kleschna," a play said to be of full dramatic strength. Only one matinee will be given—on Saturday.

At the Olympic next week, opening Sunday night, will be seen an entirely new musical extravaganza, "The Land of Nod." This attraction has been appreciatively received in Chicago, whence it comes to St. Louis. It is a production that requires a large number of people, about 100, and it is said to be generously staged. William Morris, who is a well known fun maker, will have the leading comedy part, with several lesser lights of comedy to assist. The music is touted strongly, there being quite a deal of it.

May Irwin, sparkling and jolly, comes to the Century next week in a new play that was written purposely to fit her, "Mrs. Black is Back." The piece is in three acts, and is said to have one or two very funny situations, and some sparkling dialogues.

"The Show Girl," a musical piece that has won favor in former seasons, and which has been remodeled so that it will resemble a new attraction, is the offering at the Grand next week. It has a variety of entertaining music, carries a corps of comedians and vocalists. The old production always was entertaining.

"A Race for Life," a thriller with virile situations and a fair share of pathos and comedy, will please Imperial patrons next week. The play has been seen here before. It is presented by a capable company of young thespians.

Sam Devere's strong burlesque company will be the Standard's bill next week, commencing Sunday. It has a pair of farces which are presented with lots of vim. Those who participate in them and those in the specialties are amusing.

Coming to the Gayety next week are the "Blue Ribbon Girls," one of the best organizations in the circuit. The comedians in the company are well known. The specialists give a great variety of stunts, many new, and the vocalists furnish a high grade of entertainment.

Laundrying an Art

The lost collar button isn't in it as a cuss-word provoker with the starched collar button hole, the stiff-board bosom and the rigid neck-band with razor-like edge. Man knows this from experience with inferior laundrying. If he hasn't profited by the lesson he has no one to blame but himself. Clean, comfortable linen is a distinguishing characteristic, and a helpful one. Nice linen does much to attract friends and win confidence, both in business and in social circles. It's an index to the character of a person. Poorly laundered shirts and collars, for instance, ruffle the temper and make for disagreeable natures. On the other hand, the shirt or shirtwaist of flexible finish is soothing to the wearer's nerves. It's one of the joys of living—its laundrying in its highest advancement. It is always comfortable, looks comfortable and feels more so. Besides, it requires no black art or leg-erdmain to find the button holes and insert the buttons in such a finished garment. Such work is just what the people wanted, but couldn't describe. Any laundry can turn out the solid board front, but the expert is needed to secure that soft, velvety, pliable, effect known as the flexible, the stamp of superior workmanship. This the patron of the Colonial Laundry, 4016-18-20-22 Olive street, secures. The Colonial's work is as near perfection as it is possible to acquire with the best help and the most modern appliances and methods for ironing. Notice the linen that they turn out—its freshness, clearness, color and fragrance, evidences of the Colonial's painstaking methods. These, coupled with the excellent finish, peculiar to this laundry, leave nothing to be desired by the patron. The Colonial management aims to please, and they're good shots.

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The following story is told of Secretary Root's office boy. Said Mr. Root to him one day: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Riley," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Riley?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked: "Jimmie, who opened that window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The

window cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened, and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."

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Mrs. Wiggs of the
Cabbage Patch

MR. STUBBINS
And all the Good Peo-
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borhood as They Play-
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Full Metropolitan
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NEXT WEEK
F. C. WHITNEY
Will Present

LAND OF NOD
With the Cleverest of
Comedians,

William Norris and
100—Others—Princi-
pally Pretty Girls—100
Seats Thursday.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK

THE
MAID
AND THE
MUMMY

NEXT WEEK

MAY IRWIN

In the Mirthful Three-
Act Comedy,

MRS. BLACK IS BACK

By George V. Hobart.

Seat Sale Opens
Thursday

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Sam S. and Lee Shubert Present
JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS
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Only Matinee Saturday, Nov. 25.

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Next Attraction—THE BLUE RIBBON GIRLS.

"I wish to adopt a child," said the
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"what have you?" "Oh, we have them
in all shades," replied the polite lady
superintendent, "which do you prefer?"
"I think a blonde child will be most ap-
propriate," answered the wealthy wom-
an, "my auto is finished in blue."—Puck.

Music

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Choral Symphony Society.

This, its twenty-sixth season, finds
the Choral Symphony Society very
much alive, with an energetic, hustling
Board of Management, whose ambition
it is to raise a fund of two hundred
thousand dollars to establish an or-
chestra worthy of being "permanent."
Taking as a criterion the successful
campaign conducted by the Choral
Symphony's managers in behalf of the
concerts to begin during the current
season, this gigantic undertaking is not
as hopeless as it seems. While there is
every evidence that the public does not
appreciate the importance of maintain-
ing a creditable permanent orchestra, a
personal appeal from any member of
the Choral Symphony Board is almost
certain to bring something definite in
the way of support. The men and
women who are interested in promoting
the affairs of the Society are all prom-
inent, either in a business way or so-
cially, and, should the plan to be adopt-
ed include soliciting, there can be no
doubt of the potency of subscription
lists in the hands of people like Mrs.
John T. Davis, Jr.; Mr. David R.
Calhoun, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Mr.
Hugh McKittrick, Mr. A. W. Douglas
and Mr. Hanford Crawford.

The first concert of the season, given
last week, was evidently designed to
put the society's subscribers in good
humor—Jean Gerardy was the soloist,
and the selection of the orchestral num-
bers was exceptionally happy. Gold-
mark's "Rustic Wedding," a fascinating
"suite," the programme of which in-
cludes a novel "wedding march," an
ingenious "bride's song" and a rarely
beautiful "nocturne," formed the first
part of the programme, the second part
being devoted to Gerardy, with two
short numbers for orchestra. The
great 'cellist, pre-eminently a musician,
was altogether satisfying; the dignity
of his interpretation, and the luscious
quality of his tone, atoned for the
conventionality—not to say triteness—
of his programme.

Mr. Ernst did his best—and in works
of the caliber of Goldmark's suite and
Saint Saens' Concerto his best is very
good—and if the playing of the first
movement of the "Rustic Wedding"
lacked flexibility and the work smacked
of the amateur, the fault lay with the
orchestra, and not with the director.
Ernst has some good material to work
with, but there is also much "dead
wood" in the orchestra, which can be
replaced with first class live material
only when the society has more funds
at its command.

The next, the Christmas concert, will
consist of appropriate choral numbers
and solos by Mr. Herbert Witherspoon.
The customary performance of the
"Messiah" will be omitted this year—
evidently a sop to Cerberus on the part
of the "programme committee"—but
two or three choruses from the Handel
work are programmed, in addition to
excerpts from "The Redemption," a
chorus by Max Bruch, and several or-
chestral numbers.

Madame McCarthy's Book on Singing.

Madame Marie Pernet McCarthy, a
gifted and highly accomplished Parisian
vocalist, who has made this city her
home, has recently added a highly origi-
nal, and somewhat startling book to the
literature on the voice and singing.
Mme. McCarthy's book is entitled "The
Natural Singing Voice," and in the
preface the author states that the "sys-
tem" exploited in her work is "a de-
parture from all known methods," and
she claims it to be her "own discovery."

Whatever the virtues of this "dis-
covery" may be—and only time can
prove its value—there can be no doubt



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faction we are giving the patrons
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in the mind of the reader of "The Natural Singing Voice" that the "discoverer" has the courage of her convictions. Mme. McCarthy knocks the wind out of all hitherto approved "methods," as it were, by pooh-poohing all theories of "correct" or "incorrect" breathing. "As long as there is air to breathe the human being needs no lesson as to how to inflate the lungs any more than he needs to know the scientific make-up of an eye in order to see," declares the Madame. On tone production the views held by Mme. McCarthy are equally radical: "I claim that all muscles included in the tract from the lips to the stomach, namely hard and soft palate, the whole of the pharynx and the oesophagus form the resonator of the singing voice." She laughs to scorn the theory of the chest as a resonator for musical tones, and hoots at the voluntary changing of the position of the larynx. "High" or "low" larynx are "confusing and mystifying" terms. According to Mme. McCarthy, who holds that while "the larynx, like the breath, is a main agent in the singing voice, its workings will forever be involuntary on our part." "To blend all tones into one even voice," says Madame, "pressure should be kept on the muscles which control the breath, and the resonator should be kept uniformly supple from the stomach to the upper lip. . . . If the shape of the resonator is as I claim it should be, that is, as a rubber tube from the stomach to the lips, an unmusical tone is impossible."

Madame McCarthy declares her willingness to give practical demonstration of her theory, and if she proves its correctness by making her pupils good singers she is right, and all other teachers are wrong.

The Amphion Club.

The Mercantile Club, through its president and board of directors, extended to the Amphion Club, the new vocal organization comprising eighty of the most popular young men of the city, an invitation to be their guests Saturday evening at their first table d'hôte dinner of the season. The club house in its holiday dress of ferns, smilax and potted plants, framed a picture of beautiful women in handsome costumes. It was indeed a carriage night, the street being blocked with the equipages. A more pleased audience never left a building than that which enjoyed the rare evening of congenial fellowship, and exquisite music.

The young, fresh and vigorous voices of the Amphion Club, sang as if they enjoyed their work. Their attacks were perfect, and the beautifully modulated effects brought out all the possibilities of male choral singing. Encores were numerous. Probably the best numbers were Schuman's tenderly beautiful, "The Lake," and Dudley Buck's masterpiece, "On the Sea." The club's singing of "Dixie" moved the audience to join in the chorus. Among the other numbers were: "The Cossack," "America," a new composition of sterling worth, by Mr. Chas. C. Allen, and "Integer Vitæ."

Mrs. Nora Hughes Morse, whose voice was probably never heard to greater advantage, sang with rare intelligence the "Goodbye" of Tosti, and for her two encores—Alletsen's "Song of Thanksgiving" and Robyn's "You."

Miss Eugenia Getner sang "The Nightingale," by Nevin, and, as encores, "Habanera" from Carmen, and "May Morning." This popular young contralto should be heard more frequently in concerts.

Miss Enola Calvin, the young violinist, created a furor by her interpretation of "Scene de la Czarda," by Hubay, and the adagio from Bruch's Concerto. She responded repeatedly

to the plaudits of the audience. She possesses a rich and noble tone, and under her master, Caesar Thomson, has developed a large technique. Her double stopping was delightfully clear, and her phrasing intelligent. Miss Calvin is the proud possessor of one of the finest violins, an Italian masterwork. The "G" string appeared particularly resonant and mellow, and seemed to possess the very quality of the human voice.

The gentlemen, Mr. Alfred Bertrand and Mr. A. C. Crutwell, were particularly happy in their selections, and contributed materially to the evening's enjoyment.

Mr. Alfred G. Robyn, who leaves shortly to conduct the opening of his new opera, "The Princess Beggar," in Washington, played the accompaniments with his usual discernment and good taste.

Mrs. Read's Song Recital.

Mrs. Helen Brown Read the talented daughter of Mr. Brown, of the Brown's Business College, who has just returned from Europe, where she completed her study of voice and music, accompanied by Mr. Francis Woodmansie, gave an artistic song recital in the assembly room of her father's college, Vandeventer and Delmar boulevard, Thursday night of last week. A large and critical audience composed of women members of the St. Louis whist clubs, the students of the college and their friends, thoroughly appreciated Mrs. Read's highly cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, which she used to most excellent advantage in a choice programme of vocal numbers. Mr. Woodmansee, who acted as accompanist, also gave an exhibition of his skill and technique upon the piano. The programme rendered consisted of selections from Strauss, Grieg, Chopin, Brahms, Saint-Saens, MacDowell, Mrs. Beach, Moszkowski and Liszt.

Miss Herold in the West End

Miss S. N. Herold, who removes small-pox pittings, warts, moles, hair, wrinkles, scars or any other facial disfigurement according to the most approved scientific methods, of some of which she is herself the inventor, has now a West End office, 4271 Olive street, as well as her down town apartments, room 603, Mermod-Jaccard Building, where she can be consulted and operations take place. Miss Herold has had phenomenal success as a dermatologist, especially in the removal of small-pox pittings. The testimonials she has received are couched in the strongest terms. Heretofore persons afflicted with facial disfigurements were compelled to seek a remedy in the East, but now the Easterners are flocking to Miss Herold, because of her phenomenal success in the most obstinate cases handled by other dermatologists.

A Gentlewoman

A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the school-girls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her.

"Why do you take so much pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl, who was especially given to the prevailing fascination.

"Why," she said, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's so lovely or so nice. It's because when I'm talking to her she makes me feel just as lovely and nice as she is."

The New York Times tells another anecdote of the same complexion, touching a young lady who gave a good deal of her time to "settlement" work, and

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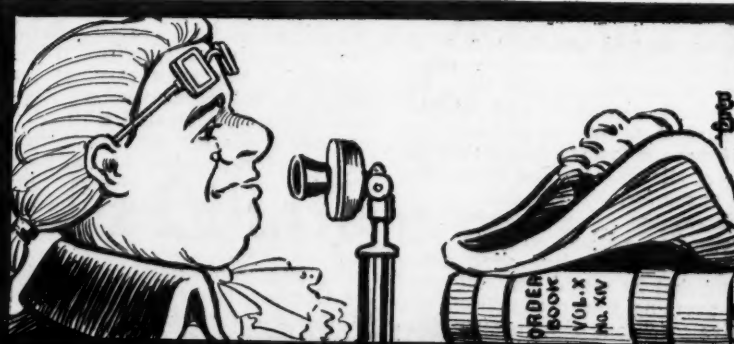
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was a particular favorite with all children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy.

"I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."

Mr. Subbubs—What's the matter? Where's the new servant girl?

Mrs. Subbubs—Oh, George, it was all a misunderstanding. I told her she had better dust this morning, and the first thing I knew she had dusted.—Philadelphia Press.

The Stock Market

Last Saturday's bank statement was a most unpleasant revelation of the imperilled financial position in New York. For the first time since September, 1902, the reserves of the Associated Banks are below the legal limit of 25 per cent. The loans continue above deposits, the shrinkage in the first-named item amounting to but \$13,948,000. The deficit in reserves of \$2,428,800, is the largest since the latter part of 1899, when the money rate managed to climb up to 185 per cent, and prices yielded faster than belated holders could offer their stocks. That the monetary position in Wall street is of ominous bearings must be patent to every stock trader of common sense. It would be extraordinarily foolish to look for bull movements in stocks with money gyrating between 10 and 25 per cent, and banks holding smaller reserves than the law permits.

The publication of the unsatisfactory statement was promptly followed by urgent liquidation. Even the powerful pool in Reading had to give way to the unfavorable change in sentiment, and had to absorb offerings at falling quotations. If it had not been for a vague belief that the United States Treasury would again come to the rescue of Wall street, as it did on former similar occasions, the stock market would have undergone a bad spasm, and been flooded with a mass of inflated stocks. As it was, the bull cliques had a tough time trying to prevent a disastrous crash. No longer can it be questioned that the conservative banks are, temporarily, not in league with the bull manipulators. The first hint to this effect was given when Mr. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, uttered his plain words of caution a few weeks ago. The financial institutions are not in position, at this time, to provide the requisite means of upholding or promoting an upward movement. There are too many brisk demands on them from general commercial customers. The interior banks got about \$10,000,000 from their New York connections last week. St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans and other points still receive substantial amounts of currency. This is, as pointed out here a week ago, a feature of the monetary situation inviting careful thought on the part of prudent financiers and speculators. And it is on account of this very self-same untoward factor that the Wall street cliques now find themselves in such uncomfortable quarters.

Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, after a short visit to Wall street purlieus, some days ago, calmly announced that he would not, and could not, do anything towards pulling the speculative coach out of its present disagreeable location. It is difficult to understand in what way he could afford anything like effective relief. The Treasury is running behind, and at a rather lively pace. Since July 1st last it paid out \$16,000,000 more than it received. Besides this, it is not at all clear why the Secretary should lend a helping hand to desperate gambling cliques. If the latter now find themselves in a most perilous position, they must blame themselves for it, and no one else. The Government has not been instituted for the purpose of keeping up bull markets in Wall street. There's lots of money in this country for all legitimate purposes. That wild-eyed stock market gamblers are entitled to special consideration cannot be admitted for a moment. For months past, anybody with his reasoning machinery in good working order could have foreseen that there would be a livelier demand for money in the fall months of the present year than had been the case at any time since the latter part of 1903.

The stock-jobbers ran into their existing predicament with their eyes wide open. This being the case, they should kindly be left to work out their own salvation. Should Mr. Shaw, however, yet decide to do something or other, he will merely make a bad thing worse. That's all.

Continental and London investment markets firmed up a trifle latterly. This was due to a somewhat bettered financial situation. The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liability has risen again to 40 per cent, the traditional danger line. That institution also reported, a week ago, a cut in loans of over \$6,000,000, while the Bank of Germany reduced its loans by \$11,200,000. The largest loan contraction, however, was reported by the Bank of France—\$50,000,000. Both the Bank of England and the Bank of Germany increased their reserves to a moderate degree. It must be added that the present ratio of 40 per cent is the lowest reported by the Bank of England, for this time of the year, since 1890, when the world's financial markets were on the eve of the memorable Baring panic, which was produced by the collapse in the prices of Argentine securities.

Missouri Pacific shares proved a vulnerable point for bear attacks in the last few days. Owing to rumors of an approaching reduction in the dividend rate from 5 to 4 per cent, a good deal of this stock was offered for sale, without finding buyers, except at lowering quotations. There has been some ground, no doubt, for entertaining fears of a cut in the dividend rate since the earnings of the company began to show large reductions. The gross earnings for the month of October fell off about \$520,000, compared with the record of a year ago. Since July 1st, the gross decreased about \$1,000,000. It should be borne in mind, however, that the earnings a year ago were considerably enlarged by World's Fair traffic. When compared with the record for October, 1903, the gross earnings of last month show a gain of \$124,000. The dividend question will be decided in December. Sharp fluctuations in the price of the stock may be confidently looked for. To sell the shares on current talk may prove a most costly venture.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit developed some strength lately, when it became known that the gross earnings for the quarter ended September 30 increased about \$550,000, compared with the corresponding quarter of 1904. Between July 1 and September 30, the company earned a surplus, after charges, amounting to \$1,603,219, equal to something like 3 3/4 per cent on the capital stock of \$45,000,000.

Pig iron production, in this country, for October, broke all records, the total amounting to 2,053,127 tons, showing an increase of 602,726 tons over a year ago. Up to last March the largest production of record was that of May, 1903, which was 1,713,614 tons. The extraordinary activity in the iron and steel industry in America is attracting the attention of thoughtful investors in England and Germany where United States Steel common is looked upon with steadily increasing favor.

Prospects favor a further fall in stock market quotations, the extent of which will depend upon developments in the money market.

Local Securities.

Local price movement on the Fourth street exchange have not been of particular significance in any instance. Activity was again restricted to a few issues. The money stringency in the East has a restraining effect. It would seem that the local banks are not inclined to be very liberal in accommodating stock speculators at this time. Would-be buyers are holding aloof,

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and will not be much in evidence until things have again brightened up a bit down East. In the meanwhile holders propose to "stand pat" in their expectations and demands for higher values.

In the street railway shares, a little buying demand grew up in United Railways common, which moved up to 30 1/2, while the preferred continues to be quoted at about 8 3/4 bid, 8 1/2 asked, with few sales. The 4 per cent bonds are a trifle higher, being 87 1/4 bid, 87 1/2 asked.

In the financial department, Bank of Commerce took the lead latterly, so far as activity is concerned, the stock declining to 340 on what appeared to be scattered liquidation by holders who have given up hopes of seeing daylight. Mechanics-American finds buyers at 329, with sales limited to small amounts. For Missouri-Lincoln 142 1/2 is bid, 143 asked. Mercantile continues to be offered at 400, with no bids at this writing. For Third National 326 is bid, 328 asked, and for State National 190 is asked.

For American-Credit Indemnity 179 is asked, with bids indifferent in character. Candy common is in poor demand at 9 1/2, with offerings liberal at 9 3/4; for the second preferred 74 is bid, 75 asked. Cotton Compress is offered at 54 1/2, with buyers slow to grasp at 52. Missouri-Edison 5s are 103 bid, 103 1/2 asked. St. Louis Brewing 6s receded to 101 bid, with offerings at 101 1/4.

Bank clearances last week were \$61,535,821, against \$59,510,329 for the same week in 1904. Drafts on New York are still at a discount, being 35 discount bid, 25 discount asked. Sterling is lower, the last quotation being 4.86. Berlin is quoted at 95.12, and Paris at 5.18.

Answers to Inquiries.

Puts, Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Would advise margining up on Missouri Pacific. Decline appears to be manipulative. Company earning good surplus over the 5 per cent dividend. Would add to holdings on all breaks.

E. S. B.—Put your good cash into something else than exotic Mexican plantation enterprises managed by office farmers. Most people who invested in schemes of that sort have come to grief. Buy a good bond instead from some reputable brokerage house in St. Louis.

L. J. T., Sherman, Tex.—Southern Pacific a better purchase than sale. Buy on all reactions. Stock acts as if it were being picked up by strong pool.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction



**Call or Send
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All selected high-grade investment securities, bought primarily for investment of this company.

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Wanted—A Wet Nurse

Once upon a time an unsophisticated, innocent young woman, one of a large family of maidens in indigent circumstances, resolved to make an effort for personal independence by undertaking some honest vocation. With this view she carefully searched the newspapers, and decided to respond to an advertisement for a wet nurse. On going to the house of the advertiser she was confronted by the family physician, who had been strictly enjoined to inquire into the physical condition of applicants for the office, in order to secure one of unqualified excellence. The following scene ensued:

Young woman (eagerly)—I have come to get the situation, if it isn't too late.

Physician (scanning the maidenly figure before him)—But madam, you do not appear to be very robust.

Young woman (confidently)—Oh, sir, my health is very good; I haven't been sick since I was a baby.

Physician—Yes, madam, but is your baby in good health?

Young woman (blushingly)—I haven't any baby, sir.

Physician (energetically)—Why, are you not married?

Young woman (timidly) No, sir, not yet.

Physician (comprehending the situation)—Well, my dear young woman, I don't think you will do for a wet nurse.

Young woman—Perhaps not at first, sir; but I am perfectly willing to learn.

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They clear the complexion and create a good appetite. If you are run down, careworn, or weak, take a box of Vaucaire Galega Tablets and note their wonderful effect.

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MISS MAUDE DUNLAP, 727 N. Wood-st.

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Letters From the People

PREACHERS AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

St. Louis, Nov. 11, 1905.

Some St. Louis ministers have organized what they term "The State Federation of Moral Forces." The announced object of the organization is "to advise men how to vote." This indicates quite an extensive field of work. No doubt the reverend gentlemen mean well, but before they have dipped down very deep in politics they will learn a few things and retire to their pulpits. It is not easy to define the sphere of a minister. It is much easier to point out what he should not do than to enumerate the things he should do. It is quite certain, however, that an alliance between the pulpit and any political party cannot result otherwise than disastrously to the pulpit. Preaching is presumed to make people better. But the trouble now is that a very large percentage of people will not go to church. The way to get them there is for the preachers to mix with the masses, rather than with a select few. This, they do not do. Their churches are open on Sunday. They thunder against sin and wonder why all people do not attend divine services. They do not follow the Master whose home was with the multitude. Outside of their own congregation they do not visit the sick. They have no practical knowledge of the wretchedness of the city, because they never visit such quarters. Small wonder so many regard the churches as only designed for certain persons. Would one hundred hoboes from the Levee or Second street lodging houses be welcomed in a single church in the city West of Jefferson avenue? Hardly. Possibly they might be tolerated for a single service, but the police would be tipped off to see that they did not return. High-priced salvation doesn't mix with overalls and cheap flannel shirts. The hobo knows this just as well as the wife of the highly respectable business man, who goes to church to listen to high-priced salvation and show her tomcat sealskin sack to envious neighbors. If the ministers mixed with the common herd they would know these things as well as the politicians. All the pulpits in town couldn't change twenty votes in the Eastern precincts of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards. The power politicians exercise over voters is due entirely to the personal knowledge they possess, and the interest they manifest, or at least profess, in the latter. There is not a preacher in St. Louis who would get out of his bed at 1 o'clock in the morning to bail a man out of jail whom he did not personally know. The common people know this is true. Even Dr. Boyd says the people think the churches are tied up with the special interests, and are farther away from the common people than ever. Then what is the use of some ministers organizing a federation to advise men how to vote when they don't know anything about the men whom they propose to advise? They might as well seek by resolution to make the Mississippi river run up hill. "The common people heard him gladly" is said of Christ. The common people won't listen to Christ's preachers who talk flubdub and won't get near enough to a common man to hand him an apple on the end of a fishing pole.

UPTON SCOTT.

LITERATURE.

Seattle, November 7, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In my recollection critics have said that "My Official Wife," by R. H. Sav-

age, just escapes qualifying as Literature and critics, perhaps the same, have said that the chapter in "Mr. Potter of Texas," by A. C. Gunter, of the siege and defense of the hotel, is Literature; belonging with R. W. Chamber's "Street of the First Shell" in "The King in Yellow." In my gallery of heroines "She" has had her shrine since 1887 and I dare not endanger her stability by rereading that book; but a single chapter in "Ayesha," Mr. Haggard's latest book, amply repays the reading of that somewhat involved and super-exalted book. It is the eleventh chap-

ter entitled "The Hunt and the Kill." Whether it be Literature, or Literature-of-a-kind, it stands alone and is the book's excuse.

JOHN DENNIS CLANCY.

"Robert," said a teacher of one of the lower classes during a reading lesson, "please read the first sentence." A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and, amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following: "See the horse runnin'!" "Don't forget the g, Robert," admonished the teacher. "Gee! See the horse runnin'," said Robert, patiently.

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A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A song for the girl I love—

God love her!

A song for the eyes that tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendrils of gold;

And the blossom mouth and the dainty chin,

And the little dimples out and in—

The girl I love—

God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—

God loved her!

A song for the eyes of faded light.

And the cheek whose red rose waned to white,

And the quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,

And the dark lashes drooped in a long, deep dream,

And the small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,

And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast,

The girl I loved—

God loved her!

Cheap Winter Trips

On November 21st and December 5th and 19th excursion tickets will be on sale via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y to all points in Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas at less than one fare rates. Good 21 days for return with stop-overs going or returning.

Or, if you want a longer limit, buy a Winter Tourist ticket to Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio or Corpus Christi, Texas. Tickets on sale daily, good until June 1st, 1906.

For Work or Play

the Southwest is a land of delightful surprises. Here are openings for the farmer, the artisan and the capitalist. Vast areas of fertile land only await men like you to make them yield abundant crops. There are openings for mills, small stores and manufacturing plants, newspapers, lumber yards, etc. Wages are high and skilled and ordinary labor is in demand. There is a great opportunity here for young men.

The sunny winter weather and the dry, invigorating air of South Texas make it a veritable winter play-ground for the sight-seer and the invalid. It is possible to spend most of each day, from November to May, out doors, in pursuit of health and recreation.

This should interest you. The exceptionally low rates and the excellent train service via the M., K. & T. Ry., insures a trip of small cost and not of tiresome length. If you are thinking of going Southwest I want you to write to me because I know I can help you in planning your trip. I can give you valuable information as to locations and business chances, about the charm of the Winter resorts. Ask for my free book, "The Coming Country." Address

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The Cricket

To Nature's patient, listening ear
Arose the plaints of man;
Without a pause from morn till night
His endless grumbling ran.

The sun was hot, the rain was wet.
And neither rightly sent;
Besides, each fellow thought himself
For higher circles meant.

Then grew his ceaseless discontent
And swelled in volume strong;
Quoth Nature: "I will make a life
Whose protest is a song."

'Twas thus the cricket came to be,
With all its winsome tricks,
Sole creature on the earth which makes
Sweet music when it kicks.

—McLamburgh Wilson.

Corsets for Fat and Lean

Corsets, such as are carried in stock or made to order by Mme. Barry of 615 Locust street, are not the bane of woman's existence. On the contrary, they are a joy forever. No woman should be without one. They are different from any other corsets manufactured. They fit snug and easy, don't pinch and give to any figure a queenly dignity. Mme. Barry constantly seeks for the new and better ideas in her business. Her latest acquisitions are excellent models for fleshy persons, models in which suppression of prominent hips and the tapered waist are the dominating features, aside from general snugness of fit. Her other makes are La Marguerite, Du Barry, Alma, Tricot and M. B. Special. In short, Mme. Barry's is the corset store.

Dr. Reed, of Indianapolis, who was in Congress at one time, was opening the Sunday morning service at his church with the usual prayer. While he was in the midst of the prayer a stranger entered the church and took a seat far back.

Dr. Reed was praying in a low note, and the man in the rear, after straining his ears for a while, called out: "Pray louder, Dr. Reed. I can't hear you."

Dr. Reed paused, opened his eyes and turned them round until they rested on the man in the rear. Then he said: "I was not addressing you, sir; I was speaking to God."—Breton Woods Bugle.

Feed Your Auto Hay

"Did you ever see an auto eat hay? Well it was a fact up in Vermont where I was spending my vacation," said a New Yorker. "I was enjoying a trip in an auto with a friend, when we came across a piece of very muddy road and the auto stood still. All the power of the machine failed to push us through. We were in a quandary when an old farmer hailed us from a field and shouted: 'Only one way to get out, feed your auto hay.' Then he got a bundle from his barn and placed a lot in front of each wheel. The wheels bit and we moved quite a distance. Again we picked up the hay and fed the thing again and were soon out of difficulty. 'Whenever you strike a mud hole feed your auto hay.'"

An Eastern newspaper says that Jack London, on his last visit to New York, was introduced in a cafe to a musician. "I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said, "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked. "There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician. "Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."—Wasp.

In a Liverpool restaurant recently a gentleman left his wife for a few moments to chat with an acquaintance at another table, and while he was there his friend persuaded him to partake of some lamb. Under a misapprehension the waiter removed the lamb before he had eaten it, whereupon he exclaimed, "Goodness! Where is my lamb?"

His wife, overhearing the question,

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C. L. Hilleary, A. G. P. A., St. Louis

answered in a clear voice, "Here I am, darling."—Tit-Bits.

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\$3.50 and \$5.00

Representing the best shoe making for the prices quoted to be had anywhere. All leathers, heavy, single and double soles—in all the newest winter styles. We honestly think our present large stock of shoes in all departments the most dependable in all respects we have shown in 30 years.

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The "Meteor" through to Fort Worth, leaves St. Louis 2:45 p. m. daily.

The "Texas Limited" through to Dallas, Houston, Galveston and San Antonio, leaves St. Louis 8:21 p. m. daily.

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A. HILTON, G. P. A.,
St. Louis, Mo.

"I've figured it out and for many reasons determined to—
"FOLLOW THE FLAG"



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There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling on a firm roadbed upon which is laid the heaviest of steel rails, made true in all their curves, and that the train which carries him is of the highest standard of excellence known to railroads and is being guided to its destination by experienced minds. These are the conditions which become apparent to the frequent traveler on the Wabash Line which have made that line justly famous.

The aggressive management, at all times alert to the needs of the public, carry passengers in through cars between

ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO
Kansas City, Omaha, Toledo,
Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo,
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St. Louis Ticket Office, 8th and Olive Sts.



On January 5th, 1906

... THE ...

HAVANA LIMITED

Will be Inaugurated Between

St. Louis and Mobile

In Connection with the

S. S. "PRINCE GEORGE"

Between

Mobile and Havana.

The Havana Limited will be a train de luxe, operated on a fast schedule over the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, making immediate connection at Mobile with the superb nineteen knot, electric lighted, steel, twin-screw S. S. "Prince George," which is constructed on the lines of the ocean greyhounds Campania and Lucania, with accommodations for two hundred first cabin passengers and sixty second cabin. The trip from St. Louis to Havana will consume fifty-three hours.

For full information, write Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, St. Louis.



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Of Our	St. Louis.	1:55 P. M.
Daily Trains	at	8:10 P. M.
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Black unfinished Worsteds, Suits of a rich-looking fabric for thirty-five dollars—made to your order. At this season of the year we sell a large number of Black Suits. We consider the above fabrics the most desirable for wear and service and highly recommend for your consideration our line of black goods Full Suits, or, if you prefer, just the Coat and Vest, using a neat stripe worsted fabric for the Trousers.

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